Serfojee Rajah, 1827

THE

ENGLISHMAN.

A Novel.

937

IN SIX VOLUMES.

BY

MISS BYRON,

AUTHOR OF THE ENGLISHWOMAN; HOURS OF AFFLUENCE AND DAYS OF INDIGENCE; MODERN VILLA AND ANCIENT CASTLE, &c. &c.

My affections
Are then most humble; I've no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL
937

ENGLISHMAN.

CHAP. I.

" High worth is elevated place: 'tis more;
It makes the post stand candidate for thee;
Makes more than monarchs—makes an honest man."

LOCALITY of feeling is with justice imputed to the English character; the word *home* has a talismanic effect upon his heart; yet it is found that short absences tend rather to endear him to native scenes and beloved objects.

To impart some portion of this vivifying quality to my history, I make no apology for introducing my readers to the breakfast-table of lord Arlingham. That hour

[illegible] had passed, as we have related, with [illegible] was dedicated to a discussion at the castle, which amply illustrated his character.

The household of lord Arlingham was on the most magnificent scale; a solemn sort of pomp marked his most trivial actions; and though his lordship's frown or word awed his domestics, often to the incapacitating them for their duty, the playful vivacity of lady Anna owned a power truly gracious; it softened their task, for she delighted to give praise on the least prominent occasions; her generous hand was ever ready to reward the repulsed and brow-beaten domestic; thus would she act, yet always with a refinement so correct, in all that referred to her haughty sire, that no murmurs passed their lips; nay, they were frequently led to believe that their lord merely inforced such and such particular injunctions, because, in so large a household, order was essential to comfort.

"Lady Anna," said lord Arlingham to his fair

fair daughter, as they sat at breakfast, [illegible] too much engaged last evening to inquire who the lady was whom sir Charles Felton introduced to you. I hope he was [illegible] of my ideas on this subject; these *Irishmen* are not the most correct in their acquaintance."

"Did you remark, my lord, what a very lovely woman she is? really I am quite charmed with her; her name is Sidney; but if she is gracious to my cousin's suit, we shall certainly see her lady Felton before long."

"Sidney," replied my lord; "it is a good English name; from what branch of that house does she trace her ancestors?"

"I cannot say; I doubt if Charles has made an inquiry on the subject; she appears very amiable, and I dare say will justify his partiality."

"Sir Charles Felton is no boy," resumed my lord; "those partialities, which very young men mistake for disinterested love and such romantic nonsense, would ill become

a m... of thirty. Pray, where does the ...? who are her friends?"

Lady Anna hèsitated; she was not in the habit of withholding her sentiments from the earl; yet she felt a strong conviction that what she must state would rouse the pride of her father, and perhaps lead him to an interference painful to the parties concerned.

My lord fixed his eye upon his daughter, and, with a sarcastic sneer, inquired if her ladyship had condescended to be the confidant in the pending union?

"No, my lord; Felton would not require such a proof of my friendship; nor does his situation in life make it necessary; you know his independent character, and the princely fortune he possesses; he *has* offered himself to Miss Sidney, consequently all reserves or mystery would be absurd."

"You do not answer my questions, madam."

"Why, in fact, I am but ill-informed upon the subject; I believe Miss Sidney to be

wel

well born and respectably [illegible] at *present* she resides with Mrs. M[illegible].

"*Resides* with Mrs. Marnley [illegible] resumed my lord; "what does this imply? is she a visitor, a relation, or a *protegée* of that lady's?"

"She is her companion; her *protegée*, I think I might say, if Mrs. Marnley's vanity would admit of the term; but you know, my dear papa, the widow is tolerably vain; so we must call Miss Sidney her companion, I suppose."

"*Paid* for her services, I presume," continued the earl, smiling; "a most *honourable* connexion truly! I am excessively astonished at the indelicacy of sir Charles, in making *you* the associate of this person. I expect from your ladyship a promise, that in future you will take no notice of this very interesting and *amiable* lady; *we* can dispense with the honour of her acquaintance; and with regard to her becoming a *family* connexion, I shall certainly inquire

 into

[illegible], and endeavour to crush it altogether?"

"Dear sir, let me entreat of you to leave the result to time; I should be most unhappy to cause uneasiness to Felton; and, indeed, I have some reason for thinking that my cousin will not be accepted."

"Not accepted!" resumed the earl, with disdain; "your notions are certainly very extraordinary; can you suppose that an establishment, such as this ridiculous young man can offer, with the very distinguished connexions which he owns, can you imagine that a hireling like the female in question will refuse him? no, madam, ambition is a leading feature in the character of your sex. But I will not suffer such a degradation to be put upon my family, at least without an effort on my part to prevent it;" and rising, with a countenance in which offended pride stood confest, he paced the drawing-room with hasty steps.

"How thoughtlessly I have acted!" said lady

lady Anna, taking the arm of the earl; "I now recollect it was Mr. Wentworth who introduced Miss Sidney to us; so Felton is quite out of the scrape, if it is one."

"This is a most unbecoming humility, madam. I must remind you that *my* daughter ranks with the first women in England; and if you are so unguarded for yourself, I shall be under the necessity of withdrawing you from society, until you have acquired more solidity. With regard to Mr. Wentworth's incaution, I own myself surprised; he is a very superior young man, a man of excellent family: I see how it is; he has been led away by sir Charles's absurd preference, and in his friendship for him, forgot his usual prudence."

"Forgive me, my lord," said lady Anna, smiling; "I would not depreciate Mr. Wentworth, whom I think truly amiable; but really, he, of all men, is least tinctured with pride; you have no idea how much urbanity of manner he possesses; he is the voluntary advocate, in all cases of generous

 feeling,

feeling, and, I am certain, acted upon this principle, when he made me acquainted with Miss Sidney."

"I am pleased with this warmth, Anna," said my lord, looking graciously upon his daughter; "I wish to see Mr. Wentworth gain an interest in your esteem; his fortune *will* be immense, and his character stands high; in fact, sir Ormsby and I are now in treaty—but I forbear to enlarge: you have, however, mistaken the case in point; it was friendship for Felton which led him into the error I must deplore. You will observe my injunction; make no overture, nor receive any advances from this Miss What's-her-name; tell lady Morbury to observe what I say; it is perfectly easy for those in your ladyship's rank to keep their *inferiors* at a distance; therefore no argument, I beseech you. Go, child, go to your aunt; she will, I trust, strengthen my commands by her own judgment."

Lady Anna withdrew to the dressing-room of lady Morbury, unconverted by the reasoning

reasoning of the earl, and convinced that, though her aunt would support her in a dutiful submission to the will of her father, she would not acquiesce in the spirit of his sentiments.

In order to place the matter beyond a doubt, and, if possible, to awe the plebeian into a dread of a family connexion with the Arlinghams, the earl retired to his library, and in a short, but imperious letter, addressed Miss Sidney; he reminded her of the disparity of rank and fortune between the baronet and herself; hinted that the vanity of youth might make *her* less accurate in comprehending the exact purport of her lover; expatiated on the favour sir Charles owned amongst females in his own circle; and warned the wounded dependant not to place too much confidence in professions, which certainly owned very little plausibility, all circumstances duly weighed. Dispatching this aristocratic fiat, my lord pursued his usual routine of employment; he read a few pages in the History of

Feudal Times; mused over the degenerated grandeur of the moderns; in *idèa*, planted a bulwark around *hereditary* nobility, which perfectly secured *them* from *plebeian* innovations; franked a few letters to artizans employed at Westbourne Castle; and then, with a *hauteur* perfectly characteristic, mounted his horse, and departed to make a few morning calls.

Time dresses his hours so variously, at least he brings into their fleeting term such a conflux of joy and sorrow, of lengthened hope, and chilling certainty, that to deal fairly with the tyrant, and tell his tales with truth, is, in many cases, a fearful drawback upon sublunary happiness. Where Want *displays* her haggard face, the philanthropist needs no appeal; where Distress unlooses the tongue, the hand of Charity may be extended without offence to feeling; but to internal grief, to those sorrows which enchain the tongue, while they corrode the heart, there is no meed, save that which is offered by sympathy. "A heart that is sick,"

says Rousseau, "can hardly attend to reason, but through the organ of sensibility."

That there is a silent species of intercourse between congenial minds, I am well assured; I have seen it illuminate the fairest features that ever nature formed; and I have beheld its gracious influence effecting the most grateful, the most consoling tribute to pure benevolence that a human being could experience; it has won confidence, implicit confidence; it has *served*, without the semblance of *obligation;* entering into the intricacies of retired sorrow, and, like the dew of heaven, refreshing silently.

Woman, lovely, *sympathizing* woman! what language can depict ye faithfully! plastic only where virtue claims your zeal; invulnerable where vice assails; *merciful* to venial errors; yet ever chastely just to yourselves—what are ye less than angels? why must I branch you off, and tell, with humiliating accuracy, that you are not a united family; that you are as various in

dispositions as in features; and, worse than all, that you frequently act without a principle, save the bias which fashion imposes upon you; and though often deserted by your deceiving band, you persist in your blindness, and will not heed the still small voice of your religion, which so tenderly points your way?

I have traced the passing hour as it wasted in Park-street; I have followed it in Grosvenor-square; I now lead my reader to consume it under a new character, at the dwelling of Mrs. Marnley; where assembled in the boudoir of the mortified widow sat lady Linburne, Miss Macleod, and the fair lady of the mansion.

The *amiable* Charlotte had imparted her little quota of information; lady Linburne had expressed her *liberal* resentment at the presumption of the dependant; while she, with affected admiration, asserted that the extreme generosity of her dear Clara had helped to increase the pride of her *protegée;* when, at the moment of aroused friendship, the

the unconscious subject of their slander made her appearance. The triple censors turned towards the prejudged culprit with looks of ambiguous import. Mrs. Marnley, on whom by right the opening of the arraignment devolved, seemed at a loss how to lay her impeachment. While yet she hesitated on the mode to be adopted, Miss Sidney broke the silence. "You are engaged, ma'am," said she; "can I have the favour of a few minutes conversation before you go out for your airing?"

"Oh, I am quite at liberty now," replied Mrs. Marnley; "my friends will excuse my freedom."

"I must decline the present as an unseasonable moment, ma'am," resumed Miss Sidney; and she was retiring, when a sympathetic smile passed through the little circle, and Mrs. Marnley, with a sarcastic sneer, continued—"Then allow *me* to use the present moment, madam. By what rule

rule of *delicacy* do you justify the imposition you have practised upon me? do not attempt to deny it; your name is not Sidney?"

"Thus called upon, I answer you as suits my character," replied Miss Sidney; "it is one of my names, one by which I was christened, though certainly not that of my parents."

"You see I was right," interrupted Miss Macleod.

"It is really dreadful to think how the unsuspicious may be imposed upon," said lady Linburne, with a sigh.

Miss Sidney looked towards the tribune, with an expression of countenance perfectly calm, though distinct from boldness.

"What effrontery!" said Mrs. Marnley; "the insolence of Mr. Carberry, in recommending a person of doubtful veracity, shall not pass unrebuked. Really, *Miss* Sidney, as you *call* yourself, you must either

either be an adept in mystery, or have your powers of persuasion led Mr. Carberry to take part in your deceptions?"

"Mr. Carberry's good name needs no defence, madam," replied Miss Sidney; "he knows me only by the name which I at *present* bear. I am, perhaps, equally with yourself, a lover of candour, of simple truth; and though you, madam, are pleased to use terms inapplicable to the extent of my offence, I can assure you that I did not, in this case, act for myself, but at the desire and by the command of those whom I have always been in the habit of obeying."

"She means her husband," said Miss Macleod; "really such duty to a man who does not exert himself to support his wife, is the very quintessence of submissive excellence;" and she laughed outright.

"I am not a married woman," replied the accused fugitive. "You, madam, (turning to Mrs. Marnley), have a sort of right to exact explicitness from me; but these ladies

ladies own no such power; and you must excuse me if I request you to desist from wounding me further."

"Your pride is excessively tenacious," resumed Mrs. Marnley; "but allow me to observe, Miss, duplicity like your's deserves exposure; and such is the softness of my disposition, the extreme sensibility of my nature, that if my kind friends had not supported me by their presence, I should not have been able to enter into an investigation so compatible with my honour."

"Your honour, madam, has sustained no injury in your short protection of an unfortunate, but proudly innocent woman; your ear has been poisoned; I leave it to time to do justice to my motives, in *accepting* that protection. I sought you this morning to apprize you of my intention of quitting Grosvenor-street; having submitted my determination to you, I feel at liberty to retire."

Mrs. Marnley looked vexed; to be anticipated in a point which she had resolved should

should be amply degrading to the discarded girl, was truly mortifying; before she had time to arrange a reply, a servant entered, and presenting a salver to Miss Sidney, on which laid two letters, he stood waiting her commands.

The trembling girl regarded the seals; and as the colour flushed to her cheeks on recognizing the crest of sir Charles Felton, she, in a voice of agitation, desired the servant not to wait, as she believed they did not require immediate answers.

"Sir Charles Felton's servant was ordered to wait for your answer, ma'am," said Richard.

"Very well," replied Miss Sidney. "Who brought the other?" she continued, gazing on the splendid arms of lord Arlingham.

"One of lord Arlingham's men."

The ladies looked significantly at each other; and as Miss Sidney was quitting the room, in order to read her letters, Mrs. Marnley, in a voice impotent from rage, declared,

declared, that her high sense of honour would compel her to warn those noble families, on whom her arts had been so successfully practised.

"I cannot hope for justice," replied the aroused girl; "when I entered your family, madam, my sanguine heart admitted a hope, that in engaging with a young and *happy* woman, my oppressed and broken spirit might find a consolation in your society, which would claim my grateful acknowledgments of dependence; I had formed an idea, I have learned with pain, that I was too liberal in my colouring; it would not have disparaged *your* rank, madam, to have shewn me consideration. Who I am, or to whom I belong, it were now superfluous to avow, nor am I at liberty to do so. I wish, for the honour of my sex (and she glanced her eye over the astonished visitors), that gentleness of manner, feminine sympathy, stood more prominent in their characters;" and curtseying,

ing, with a grace which added beauty to her animated countenance, she quitted the room.

"How excessively provoking!" said Miss Macleod; "but observe, my dear Marnley, she denied the marriage very faintly. Have you any idea what sir Charles Felton can write to her for?"

"Not exactly," replied Mrs. Marnley, thoughtfully; all the recent *badinage* of the baronet, and his ambiguous curiosity rising in her imagination; "he never can be such an ideot as to be *seriously* in love with her."

"Yet, my dear creature," said lady Linburne, "when you consider your protection has reflected a sort of lustre upon this girl, and that the *Irish* are by no means so delicate as *we* are, I am almost tempted to think he may have serious intentions in her favour: to be sure, a great deal will now depend upon your generosity; you have the power of saving him; and I am persuaded lord Arlingham will own *his* obligations

gations to you, should you act as *I* would advise, in this extraordinary affair."

"I must take a little time to consider the matter," resumed Mrs. Marnley; "Mr. Carberry must be consulted, and another of my friends, who has been most unaccountably prejudiced in favour of this girl; I must see him before I proceed to act. Lord Arlingham is a creature I detest; to humble his pride would really please me; yet lady Anna's parties are good; so you perceive there is some difficulty in coming to a decision immediately."

"Your known discretion will in this, as on all occasions, be conspicuous, no doubt," replied lady Linburne. "Should you feel disposed to engage a person to fill this girl's place, be particular in regard to her personal appearance; there is no bearing with these mournful beauties, all sensibility and reserve. If you are very sombre, Charlotte shall give you her company for a few weeks; I am going into Kent, and will willingly spare her to you."

Mrs.

Mrs. Marnley accepted the offer, with a half-gracious expression of gratitude; the beauty of Miss Macleod could not possibly alarm *her* vanity; but she was not so certain that their dispositions would assimilate; besides, a visitor was a very distinct person from a companion *paid* for her services; when at her own table, she could engross the attention of her guests *exclusively*, in the latter case; for a really delicate woman must be drawn out to converse; and if the eye is *never* directed towards her, if you talk over her—an expression, perhaps, not definable to my readers, yet a very usual practice—if a thousand lively nothings are bandied about, should they raise a smile, or extort a remark, the *dependant* is not expected to feel their effect, or comprehend their sense; she fills a place at a fashionable table, and is associated in a *select* class of society; but her mind is *supposed* to be either so filled with *gratitude* for the negative honour vouchsafed to her, or she is considered to have no

no *mind*, and is consequently incapable of feeling the insolent degradation. —All these considerations owned their weight with the widow; yet the offer of her dear friend could not be rejected. Miss Macleod, promising to be in Grosvenor-street next morning, departed, well pleased at an arrangement which promised more of gaiety than the limited fortune of her aunt permitted her to enjoy.

Though our heroine (for such we must consider the dependant) had owned acute anguish in the scene depicted, the actual mystery which attached to her assumed name seemed to offer a weak apology for the conduct of Mrs. Marnley; and though convinced that she must again seek an asylum amongst strangers, she resolved she would not enter any family, without a partial disclosure of her motives for such concealment: thus reasoned an inexperienced and pure-minded woman, who, confident of herself, gave credit to a world prone to look upon simple poverty as a crime,

to

to which, if mystery clung, their fiat would go forth, and the creature be crushed irrevocably, at least as to fashionable suffrage. To do this prominent *little* world justice, *mystery* is not a part of *their* system, as daily experience proves. A divorce is now the most usual occurrence imaginable; if a young lady elopes with her lover, the extenuating prints lament the feminine lapse, by inserting her dancing-master's puff as a salvo for her defalcation. The elegant and accomplished Miss ——, who eloped with the Rev. Mr. ——, was a *pupil* of Mr. ——; the distress of the family may be conceived in the loss of so finished a young lady, &c. &c. &c. Should a little time bring any of these claimants for notoriety before the public, as breakers of marriage vows, and proselytes to infamy, the *peerage* of modern date will not visit *their* fame *too* roughly; *divorce* sounds vulgar; thus the marriage is *dissolved*, and the parties are again the dear idols of a few—I trust, of a very few. There will always be a

sect

sect of leaners, whom interest and want of principle actuates to wink at splendid infamy; they are but a handful; may they diminish, until the chastity of our women, like the snow-white cliffs which encircle our shores, become proverbially emblematic, fair to look upon, and inaccessible to the insidious enemy!

There is so much formality in the appellation Miss, I can no longer consent to distinguish a chief personage under the term. Amelia Sidney, whose retirement has been announced, had broken the seal of sir Charles Felton's note, and given to its contents that silent acknowledgment which its liberality demanded; her refusal had not so far discouraged the baronet, as to cause him to resign his suit, without a further proof of his sincerity; he apprised her that he was acquainted with her real name and connexions, which the friendship of Henry Carberry had deemed indispensible in a case of such importance: again he repeated his wishes, offered his hand, and with

with the warmest protestations of friendship assured her, that from his lips no part of Carberry's communication should ever proceed, unless her acquiescence to his passion made it consistent that he should meet those to whom she belonged.

It is an easy task to reject the man we do not love, says the light-hearted coquette; and, in truth, so it is to such a one; but to tell the man whose liberality has led him to overlook that formidable enemy to love, poverty, to tell such a man that you must decline his generous preference, may be a tribute worthy his honour, but, certainly, not flattering to his vanity; I believe the fact does not often occur, yet it is, at best, but an act of common honesty; and as time mellows the feelings, there is every reason to think gratitude will take place of the short-lived resentment of a disappointed heart.

We have, in a former page, displayed the effect of such a rejection upon the mind of an irritable and somewhat vindictive

tive disposition; and though truth has obliged us to pourtray the father of our hero under a colouring so repulsive, even this, for the honour of human nature, is by no means a general attribute of man's character. Few men are so sincere in their attachments, but time *weakens* their preference, whether they attain or lose the object of their suit; yet it almost becomes a query, whether to applaud them for that stoicism which might be termed indifference, or deplore the premature death of youthful hopes. A tempered mien, a medium between *injustice* and blind credulity, is a *desideratum* devoutly to be wished for in all our resolves; it is too much to expect; mere atoms as we are, our reasoning faculties stand us in little need: we aim at excellence, according to *our* idea of the term, and we miss the practice, for we "see darkly," yet are content in our ignorance.

To the love-letter in question, the tearful dependant replied. That distant, though proper

proper style, which had dictated her former address to the baronet, was now in a degree softened; she again declined an honour of which *she* was unworthy; relied upon the rectitude of sir Charles Felton's mind, which would do justice to her candour on an occasion so delicate; avowed herself perfectly satisfied in his honour, that what he had heard of her real name and connexions would be confined to his own bosom; deplored that a mystery so inconsistent with her ideas of right was suggested, as tending to her ultimate happiness; and concluded with the most unvarnished wishes for his happiness, in which she should always feel a lively interest.

This letter dismissed, our heroine broke the seal of lord Arlingham's emphatic scrawl; she had anticipated that lady Anna was the writer; how was her wounded spirit tortured as she read the insulting address! not a dash that did not convey *more* than the author's meaning.

"Mrs. Marnley," said the weeping girl,

"here, at least, your insinuations would be well received, though, in truth, there wants no new motive for insult. Amiable sir Charles, dare I own that your offer, your noble, disinterested offer, is *now* a proud consolation to my humbled soul! I will answer this imperious and artful man;" and folding her paper, she wrote as follows:—

The Earl of Arlingham.

"MY LORD,

"Previously to receiving your lordship's letter, I had made my decision, on a subject which appears to have excited an undue interest in your lordship's mind. Not being accountable to your lordship for my actions, I forbear to state the *motives* which influence them. Could I divest myself of the respect I owe to lady Anna Arlingham, and the esteem I bear your lordship's nephew, sir Charles Felton, I might be led to remark upon some pas-

sages

sages in your lordship's letter. To the warnings of friendship, I trust I could not be ungrateful; but when a gentleman, so much above me in rank, takes the trouble to address an almost stranger, he must forgive me if I add, that it requires conciliation, rather than authority, to make his sentiments valued. I am, my lord, your lordship's obedient servant,

"AMELIA SIDNEY.

Grosvenor-street, Tuesday morning."

Giving Richard charge to convey this nervous replication to Grosvenor-square with all possible haste, our dependant sat down to reflect upon the scenes of the morning; and as she passed from one painful remembrance to another, the secret spring, the agent of all her miseries, appeared beyond a doubt self-evident; it was Supple, the specious detractor, whose vile principles having met a check, not yet explained to our readers, vented his

malignant nature, in destroying the transient hold our heroine owned in the protection of Mrs. Marnley. To quit a house in which her feelings had been so frequently wounded, would have been a pleasurable circumstance, but for one reason—she had no immediate asylum ready to receive her; one roof was open to her, but that in a situation of life distinct from her earlier habits; and though a cordial and pressing invitation had recently been addressed to Miss Sidney, assuring her of their pleasure in receiving her, she had withstood the friendly purpose of Mr. Hopkins's family, not merely because their society was such as she could not appreciate, but because a new and active source of friendship was at this moment working for her permanent advancement.

The preceding evening, however, had wrought so powerfully upon the mind of our heroine, the contumely, the cruelty of the Vauxhall party, had so wholly unnerved her frame, that the conscious child of poverty

verty condemned herself as criminal in bearing such slights, while an honest, though uncongenial shelter, was offered to her acceptance. Under the impulse of the moment, she addressed the family of Mr. Hopkins, acquainting them with her intention of quitting Mrs. Marnley; and in the event of its being equally convenient to them *now*, as when they made the offer, she would embrace their invitation for a few days, until she could write to her friend.

The mind of Amelia now looked forward to their favourable reply, with an anxiety indescribable, and, perhaps, indefinable to many of my readers, who, in their individual recollections, can muster up a long list of *friends*, who have repeatedly entreated them to spare a few weeks to their solicitations. I would not depict human nature so churlishly, as to rob *real* friendship of its most estimable grace, *sincerity*; but I must believe, nay, I will insist upon it, that there is a ceremonial *lip* friendship,

wholly devoid of meaning, at least, it says a thousand things, with any purpose save that of being worthy of remembrance, so often does self-interest manifest itself among these very dear friends; some *talent* makes *you* a cheaper visitor than a *professional* creature, who not only *eats*, but will be paid for *his* time; even an expert sempstress is a most *convenient* visitor; one can, as by *chance*, lead her into an active species of service in one's favour, saving our pocket-money, and all this at the trifling expence of a few compliments addressed to her taste, &c. &c. Numberless are the windings and plans of a managing *friend-hunter*; nor is it unusual to hear *these* patronesses of *genius* held up as the most exalted and liberal characters, while, in truth, they deserve epithets of a very distinct import.

Then to appreciate the well-intended effort of friendship, however homely the language in which it is clothed, is not only a duty incumbent in the obliged, but a gratuity

gratuity it must demand; I know that it will flow spontaneously: there is no *dictation* in *real* friendship, nor any *pause*; it must grow, it must strengthen, or it perishes: yet there must be ingredients in this mental intercourse, equal *analyzed* proportions, or the balm fails,

"And leaves the wretch to weep."

To those who have never felt the horrors of suspense, no colouring could convey an accurate idea of the sensation; to those who *have* experienced this soul-subduing misery, all description would appear tame. The female for whom I am (perhaps unsuccessfully) attempting to interest my readers, the mortified and apparently friendless Amelia, was a victim to this mental poison; three or four loud raps had apprized her that Mrs. Marnley was immersed in company; she hoped nothing from the liberality of that lady; on the contrary, it seemed highly probable a mandate for her instant departure might be conveyed

 through

through some of the servants: in this sort of dread, with her arms resting upon a table, her eyes, with an almost vacant meaning, cast towards the door, thus sat the heroine of our story, when approaching footsteps caught her ear; she arose, and, pale from alarm, stood in expectation of some new insult, when the door opened, and one of the female servants saying—"A lady, ma'am," ushered in lady Anna Arlingham.

"Good Heavens!" said the astonished girl, whose quick and humbled feelings instantly admitted an idea that her ladyship was come to upbraid her for the temerity of her reply to the earl.

"Compose yourself, my dear Miss Sidney," said lady Anna; "if I cause alarm, where it is my wish to be esteemed, my *manner* must be strangely at variance with my intention."

"Your ladyship will forgive me," replied the overpowered girl, "when I explain that I have this morning experienced

so

so much painful humiliation, I was not prepared to meet consolation under this roof, much less to be sought by lady Anna Arlingham."

"My good girl, are not surprises the growth of every day? dismiss those tears, I cannot bear them. Now tell me (and she took the hand of Amelia), you have had a surprise through *my* family, before I made my curtsey this morning?"

"Lord Arlingham thought proper to address me, madam; I need not say *what* was the subject which made me liable to his notice. If I should be so unfortunate as to offend *you* in the answer I have returned, I shall seriously regret that my feelings so far subdued my judgment."

"You will call me a very naughty girl," resumed her ladyship, "if I declare that there are *some* surprises, which actually prove excellent empirics to certain dispositions; I have no doubt but my poor papa is now under the influence of your application; I anticipated the fact in my own

mind, from the prepossession I entertained of your character. I am a very abrupt creature, my dear Miss Sidney. Felton has made me the confidant of his painful disappointment; he has told me all *I* have to regret in your rejection; I believed him, for I was disposed to share in his happiness. Is your resolution irrevocable?"

"Certainly, ma'am. Your ladyship honours me by your good opinion; I should be unworthy of a distinction so flattering, if I could deceive a man so entirely amiable as sir Charles Felton."

"Thank Heaven, I am a woman," said lady Anna, smiling; "positively, I think I should hang myself, were I a rejected being; but *we* are spared such mortifications. But I am disappointed; only think how delightful it would have been, if you had chosen to be lady Felton; I could have made you a visit, absolutely, I believe, I should have become a fixture in your family; so you see what you have lost. *Entre nous,* you must certainly have lost

your

your heart, or given it into the *care* of some dear wanderer, who cherishes the voluntary treasure, and is rich in perspective."

"I am a stranger to individual preference," replied Amelia, "and I think myself fortunate in this; feeling, as I do, that my pride does not assimilate with my fortune, what could I expect, but to be greatly miserable?"

"You are a romantic little prude," said her ladyship, "quite a theorist in love matters; expect, indeed! know, thou mere novice, that expectation *follows* preference; it is then we expect sighs, and assiduities, and flights of fancy, and half a thousand other enchanting whimsicalities, which help to keep the flame alive. Heigh ho!" interrupted the fair enthusiast; "I am really excessively saucy, but I know you will forgive me, when I declare my thoughts had taken a little voyage, though my person is here to do you service. Felton would rally me severely, if he thought I had

had suffered my giddy spirits to lead me thus astray from the real motive of my visit, which I will now submit to your consideration."

Our heroine bowed, and her ladyship continued.

"Though denied the happiness of becoming your personal protector, Felton is most anxious you should quit this house: a lady who is a distant connexion of our family, had intimated, some time previous to his acquaintance with you, that she was desirous of receiving a female of education, as the instructress of a little girl, her only child; the lady is a widow past the bloom of youth, amiable, gentle, and liberal; Charles is certain you would esteem each other. If I gain your acquiescence, I will write to Mrs. Howard; and should own much pleasure if my poor interference could conduce to your comfort."

"It is impossible to express how greatly I am obliged by such delicate kindness," said our heroine. "Sir Charles is truly amiable;

amiable; his discernment has anticipated the result of this morning. I have just intimated to Mrs. Marnley my intention of leaving her. Most glad shall I be to embrace the situation in question, if my abilities are suited to the undertaking, and the friend who directs my conduct approves of my doing so."

"This will please poor Felton; he is the most zealous fellow in the world. When do you leave this, and where shall I address you?"

"I cannot exactly say when I shall go," resumed Amelia. "I *believe* I shall reside in Friday-street, Cheapside, for a few days;" and a blush passed over her cheek; it was not a blush of pride, but of doubt; for, as yet, she could not be certain of her reception at Mr. Hopkins's.

The emphasis which had unconsciously been laid upon the word *believe* aroused the quick sensibility of lady Anna; tears started into her eyes; and rising from her seat, with a countenance flushed by agitation,

tion, she threw her arm round the neck of Amelia. "If I was Amelia Sidney, and you Anna Arlingham, would you not cast me from your friendship, if I dishonoured your affection by an unbecoming pride? I know you would; don't speak a word; I am sure we think alike; would to Heaven I dared act as my feelings would dictate, we would not part! Let me hear from you, my sweet girl; Heaven bless you!" and before the trembling girl could reply, her ladyship had forced her purse into the hands of the astonished Amelia, and quitted the room.

Kind words are a gracious balm to the oppressed and wounded bosom of sensibility; kind actions elicit their worth in the manner of their disposition; but a *pecuniary* benefit, an *unsought* favour of this nature, though appreciated as it deserves, will cause a pang of exquisite anguish to a really delicate mind.

Amelia Sidney, though sensible of the worth of such a friend, was yet too young

and

and too independent in principle to accept this generous proof of lady Anna's esteem. "A few months since," sighed the musing dependant, "how acceptable had been this amiable zeal, not for myself, but for those I love! Noble, disinterested woman, I must find a way of returning the contents of this;" and she viewed the elegantly-wrought purse of her ladyship. "I will retain this," she continued; and removing the notes into a plain silk purse of her own netting, she enclosed it, with a billet expressive of her grateful sense of her ladyship's intention; accounted for the exchange of the purses, by assuring the amiable lady Anna, that she should own a solace in regarding it as a gift from her exalted friendship; requested her to suffer the inferior one, which inclosed her noble *douceur*, to find a place in her escritoir; and to believe, that however she *might* dispose of the valuable contents, it could not be applied where it would be more gratefully acknowledged; and concluded by

suring her ladyship, that should any unforeseen contingency make money essential to her temporary convenience, she would not hesitate to apply to her ladyship.

In order to expedite this desirable adjustment, our heroine was descending the stairs to select the servant whose general manners pleased her best; she had reached the gallery, when Mrs. Marnley, with a violence which bespoke the temper of her mind, flung open the drawing-room door, and was issuing forth; but perceiving the object of her search, she drew back, and with a haughty brow exclaimed—" Oh, you are here, ma'am; I want you."

Amelia followed into the drawing-room.

" It appears you correspond with the Arlinghams; I request to know of what nature your intimacy with that family can be? Remember you are entirely at my mercy; a word from me will ruin you with my lord, whose resentment is equal to his pride."

" Pardon me, madam, if I decline to answer

swer your very extraordinary request. I do not fear lord Arlingham's resentment; and his daughter's lovely character would tempt me, in many instances, to combat with his pride."

"Really!" said Mrs. Marnley; "upon my word, lady Anna would be highly flattered if she could hear you."

"Not flattered," replied Amelia, "but pleased; for I am proud to call her ladyship my friend."

Mrs. Marnley bit her lips—"Was it Wentworth or sir Charles Felton who introduced you to her last night?"

"Mr. Wentworth was so good as to honour me by an introduction to her ladyship, ma'am."

"So ridiculous, rather say; but it is like all his romantic zeal; the man is growing quite an ideot. I must remind this very officious gentleman, that his power over *my* fortune gives him no right to interfere in my domestic arrangements; it is highly presumptuous. I shall——" and here she

was

was interrupted, for this very officious gentleman made his appearance; and the ductile Clara, with a soft smile and an outstretched hand, welcomed the ideot Wentworth, in a manner the most conciliating.

Our novice stood in silent amaze, scarcely heeding the obliging salutation of Wentworth, whose piercing eyes, directed towards the ingenuous dependant, seemed to gather a *cause* for the *effect* he witnessed. The widow played with her ridicule, blushed, stammered, and after numberless little efforts to overcome her alarm, gained courage to ask a few trifling questions of her visitor.

Men of observation are indescribably accurate in discovering the foibles of women; and though a tender consideration for their many weaknesses may at times lead them to judge *leniently*, we are so much what *they* please to define us, their fiat, whether we choose to allow it or not, is so essential to our internal satisfaction, that I wonder we are not more assiduous to acquire those graces

graces of character which may attach them lastingly, rather than attractively.

I would not recommend to women to *marshal* their looks, nor *train* their feelings; but to support a *natural* character, to gain esteem, nor seek for admiration. One distinguished, one selected object, usually gilds the season of youth with an exuberant, yet not ungraceful augmentation of fancy; we then see perfection where it is *possible* it never existed; under that guidance which ever accompanies pure love, virtue, a thousand fond traits may be discoverable, which exalt in place of depreciating the female character; it can happen but once, and the halcyon dream is in many instances a fleeting structure, leaving nought but a sad record on the memory.

May I venture to add, that extreme youth can alone claim from men of sense those extenuating consideratious which inexperience offers in its behalf; the *simple* errors of an immature mind ask indulgence,

and

and 'tis granted, for the harvest is not yet full. There is no such apology in reserve for the woman whose character is established; her petulance, her whims, the *unlicensed* use of her tongue, the acrimony, the affected candour, or the juvenile airs she may assume, are but so many imbecile darts, as levelled at her contemporaries; yet they recoil upon herself with *certain*, though not *acknowledged* force: the men read us, and they transcribe; their annotations would not, it is true, fill ten volumes; yet that they own a likeness to the Sibylline verses, cannot be denied; their import are so many *prophecies*, ever acting against us; for who could attach himself to a wom n whose disposition exhibited traits so unamiable? Life has its cloudy days, and its days of ethereal brightness; we must take them as they are given, nor suffer the disappointments which our repining nature sustains, either to depress us for ourselves, or lead us to nourish against others, envy, malice, or uncharitableness.

Mrs.

Mrs. Marnley, on whom the goods of fortune were most bounteously bestowed, knew not the uses to which they might be applied. Vanity, which is but another name for selfishness, jaundiced her weak intellects; she hated beauty in any rank, yet she was forced to bear with it in some instances; but when she beheld an unportioned woman receiving those attentions under her roof, which she fondly believed were her due, resentment rankled in her little mind; and had not the entrance of Sidney checked her purpose, it would have fallen with full force upon her humble friend.

With that engaging attention which women must ever prize, Wentworth handed a chair to the dependant, whom he had again found standing—a mark of deference, which in the present association appeared to *him* peculiarly degrading, for *he* weighed them, not by their situations in life, but their intellects, and the balance was favourable to the being whose cause he espoused.

espoused. Amelia received the overture with politeness, yet her mind seemed scarcely to enter into the kindness of the action.

"You look pale, Miss Sidney," said our hero; "you are not equal to the fatigues of fashionable life; I am afraid you took cold last night."

Amelia believed she had not; she had a head-ach, to which she was subject.

"Allow me to recommend these," replied Wentworth, rising, and presenting some aromatic salts to our heroine; "I often find relief from them."

Amelia, with an unsteady hand, received the graceful offering, and in the act of doing so, lady Anna's intended packet fell to the ground.

Wentworth caught up the letter, and as his eye *almost* unintentionally glanced over the characters, he, with a smile, observed, that the handwriting generally indicated the disposition of the writer.

"What a strange being you are!" said

Mrs.

Mrs. Marnley; "I hope you do not make *decisive* conclusions, upon an idea so liable to be erroneous."

"Our opinions must remain in force until we detect their fallaciousness," continued Sidney; "as such, I am bold enough to assert, even to a lady, that I think I could discover the disposition of a woman by the hand in which she writes."

"It is a most illiberal attack upon us poor idlers," said Mrs. Marnley: "how many women of rank perfectly detest putting their hand to paper; and, indeed, it is not essential that they should excel in this hireling art, as I may call it; money will always procure persons to do this sort of drudgery;" and she looked towards Amelia with an expression not to be mistaken.

"In some cases an amanuensis may be employed, no doubt; but are there not *others*, where a second eye would be inconvenient?" asked our hero.

Mrs. Marnley crimsoned; her "Sonnet

on Absence" rose in her memory; and though it could not *really* have been the reference on which Wentworth's remark was founded, conscience helped the rejected Clara to translate it thus.

Our hero traced the cause of her confusion; and in his eagerness to do away a suspicion so unworthy of his character as a man, he unconsciously augmented his fault. "You write carelessly," said he; "I should judge your disposition to be volatile, animated in a great degree."

"Indeed! why that is excessively obliging, sir, when I reflect how often I have heard you descant on what you call giddiness."

"Did I name such a quality?" resumed Wentworth, smiling; "is there no distinction between liveliness and hoydenism? or do you suppose I would offend a woman, whose springtide of youth has subsided into a glowing summer, that she is not fitted for the world, but should again be banished to the nursery?"

"Never

"Never attempt compliment, I beseech you; your opinions, thank fortune, are not likely to gain an ascendancy in society; and I will engage that your flattery owns any power, save that of pleasing."

"I will not allow you to call me a flatterer," replied Wentworth: "my regard for your sex would not suffer me to offend their judgments so far: you have taken umbrage at *one* inference only; my unfortunate metaphor, must I rescind the expression, or admit that there are *late* springs?"

"Upon my word, I am quite indifferent to your strictures," resumed Mrs. Marnley, with an air of mortified vanity; "don't trouble yourself to alter their text;" and seizing a pen which stood before her, she scribbled a short note, folded it, and rang for a taper to seal it.

Wentworth smiled with provoking calmness. "I wish I *might* look upon that superscription," said he.

"Why should you desire it? your illi-

beral theory would, no doubt, find a new proof for its vague credulity; at least, you would *think* you had found one."

"I like these transient fits of anger," replied Wentworth; "they actually help to establish my saucy theory."

"What does this express?" said Mrs. Marnley, on whom the smiles of our hero had effected a more tranquil temper of mind.

Wentworth took the offered note—"It is an irritable sort of address altogether; that A looks full of importance, from its broad character, and the smaller letters are angry ones; but when I see to whom it is addressed, I have no doubt but its *interior* will compensate for all outward defects."

"Provoking animal!" said Mrs. Marnley, half laughing; "I am not, however, so certain that *you* would approve the contents of this;" and she hid a sneer upon her countenance as she spoke.

"I am glad you have apprized me of it," resumed Wentworth; "I was going to offer

offer myself as your servant. I have a book in my pocket for lady Anna."

Amelia raised her eyes at this intimation; but again casting them upon the letter she held, sat silent.

Our hero saw an intelligence in her manner, which he translated with a facility peculiar to a lively imagination. "Can I have the pleasure of carrying any commands to lady Anna from Miss Sidney?" asked he.

"You are very obliging, sir; I will avail myself of your permission;" and she presented her packet to Wentworth.

Mrs. Marnley fixed her eyes with scorn upon the dependant; and suddenly recollecting herself, she arose, and declared Mr. Wentworth should be her messenger likewise. "I am almost certain that these letters are necessary to each other; at least, one will act as a *key* to the other."

"I will not touch this ill-written scrawl," said Wentworth, laughing; "sit down, I will wait your leisure; it would be treachery

chery to friendship to put your epistolary talent in so inferior a point of view;" and he gazed upon the superscription written by our heroine.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Marnley, "why should you contrast my writing with Miss Sidney's? she writes well, I know she does; in fact, it is one of the qualifications for which one generally engages persons in *her* situation."

"It is a very *engaging* qualification in a woman," replied Wentworth; "one seldom meets a good hand-writing, which does not impart its sentiments easily."

"I do not agree with you; I could name a number of my friends who write enchanting letters, though the sense is scarcely legible without a little patience."

"Give me legible elegance," said Wentworth; "I have seen many fine specimens in the art; yet I own, that the general character of *this* is infinitely beyond any I ever beheld;" and he bowed to Amelia.

Mrs. Marnley flung away her pen—"I will

will write to lady Anna to-morrow; really you would frighten me into a belief that I could not scrawl my name; I hate such hyperbole."

"I think to-morrow would prove more propitious to your efforts," said Wentworth, smiling: "never write, even to your dearest friends, but when you have something to say."

"Do you imagine that I meant to send a blank to lady Anna?"

"No, but it might be *worse* than a blank; it might convey hasty sentiments, expressions on which you would not like to reflect."

"Poh! suppose my friendship for a truly charming girl led me to guard *her* against imposition; would that be inconsistent with friendship?"

"Certainly not, if your information was correct; not the mere garble of the malicious and designing miscreant, who would level purity with its own degraded nature."

"I,

"I, I am the impostor against whom lady Anna is to be warned," said Amelia, rising: "that amiable and distinguishing woman will not heed your insinuations, madam; she has a better guide for her actions than common report; nor can you adduce an actual proof of impropriety in my conduct."

"Leave the room," said Mrs. Marnley, who had not imagined it possible she should be *answered* by one whom she paid.

Amelia had risen for the purpose of retiring; the scenes of the morning had agitated her mind; but the imperious mandate of the unfeeling widow wholly overpowered her senses; and ere she could reach the door, her senses failed, and she would have fallen, had not our hero fled to her assistance.

"Is this a *woman's* work?" said Wentworth, looking sternly towards the affrighted Clara. "I shall pity your calmer feelings," he added; and turning with an assiduous interest to the reviving child of dependance,

pendance, he addressed her in language of the most persuasive kind.

Amelia looked around her, in all that vacancy which ever attends a transient suspension of sense, when finding herself depending upon our hero for support, she withdrew from his scarcely yielding arms; and muttering something of regret for the confusion she had occasioned, she was again on her feet to retire.

"One word," said Wentworth, taking the hand of our heroine; "will you accept the protection of lady Beverly? I will answer for her *feminine* qualities, and prepare her to receive you; *here* you must not remain."

"I did not mean to continue here, sir," replied Amelia. "I must decline your obliging intentions in my favour; lady Anna Arlingham has already undertaken to recommend me to a lady, her friend."

"You cannot have a more amiable, a more zealous friend," said Wentworth, resigning the hand he had taken; "she is a

 lovely

lovely natural woman, and by every tenderness she shews her fellow-beings, adds dignity to her own character, and distinction to her sex."

Amelia replied not, but with an emotion she could not conceal, hastened out of the room.

Mrs. Marnley, absolutely petrified by the unfashioned zeal of our Englishman, sat in mute astonishment; her bosom laboured with resentment; yet she *feared* the man whom she wished to reprove; nay more, she loved him.

Our hero, throwing himself into a seat opposite to his fair antagonist, regarded her countenance with a scrutiny that called the roses into her cheeks. "I know not the motives which influenced your recent conduct," said he; "I perceive you are already the victim of remorse: by what new train of ideas are you acting? Could my friend Marnley have believed that his 'docile Clara' would cast aside the chief ornament of her character, gentleness, and place

place herself thus at the mercy of comparative strangers ?"

" Why will *you* defend that imposing hypocrite ?" said Mrs. Marnley, in a passion of tears.

Sidney saw the little passion which had so far subdued her caution; but firm in his principles, and guarded by his indifference for the weeping syren, he would not let the present opportunity pass, without an attempt to convince her of the inhumanity of her behaviour.

" I defend her," replied Wentworth, " because she is woman; and I venture to dissuade you from ebullitions so unamiable, for the same reason. Good Heavens! would you impress us with so unfavourable an idea of your characters, or rather of your hearts, as to suppose you cannot be liberal and affectionate to those whom fate has cast into your protection? if you are deceived, act decisively; but never harden your heart to *inflict* a mental misery; reject that worst of poison, insidious *detrac-*

tion; and if a suspicion should obtrude on your mind, express it generously; on the *innocent* it will effect a refutation consoling to your feelings; and the guilty, however erring, scarcely ever contend with the lenient arbiter."

"Mr. Carberry has behaved ungenerously," resumed the softened Clara; "he recommended her to me; and now I find she has deceived me by a false name, and is, in fact, a married woman."

"Did Carberry place Miss Sidney with you?" said Wentworth, hastily.

"Yes, Harry Carberry was so strenuous with his uncle to bring about the arrangement, that I was led into the scheme without reflection."

"Then Mr. Henry Carberry is Miss Sidney's friend," said our hero, thoughtfully.

Mrs. Marnley replied in the affirmative, adding, that she had taxed her with regard to her assumed name, which she instantly avowed; but had denied that she was a married woman.

 "You

"You perceive that my former remark holds good; the innocent are seldom more than transiently reserved. She denied the marriage, you say?"

"Yes, positively; and would insinuate that her connexions are high."

"She may be right," continued Wentworth. "I regret that any mystery should attach to a young woman so apparently amiable, and will even coincide with you, it is unfortunate that you are made to partake in it; yet a different line of action would have been infinitely more consistent with your character as a woman. If there is any error in the matter, Carberry is blamable; why not summon him, and require him to be explicit? and in case you were unconvinced, part amicably. Now you have blurted *unfeminine* sarcasms, exhibited ungraceful traits of disposition, and the event is exactly the same—you separate. The impression may subside with Miss Sidney, if she is what I must believe her to be, an innocent and insulted woman; yet

yet she cannot *forget* by whom she was degraded; with you the remembrance must live; and it is not improbable that your humiliation is to come."

"I have certainly been incautious," said Mrs. Marnley; "I wish I had asked your advice; shall I write to Henry Carberry?"

"I fear it is too late," said Sidney, rising. "As I once before observed, *graceful* apologies are very soothing mediators; but I must not venture to say more. Good morning;" and he retired, leaving the so lately imperious Clara humbled even to agony.

To have fallen so low in the estimation of the man she loved, gave inexpressible anguish to her heart; his visits had of late been more frequent, and his manner less reserved; hope *had* sprung up in her bosom; but now, could she believe he would continue to esteem her? certainly not: should she adopt his suggestion, and ask her dependant to accept her apologies, even that would now be an imperfect truce;

truce; for she had made half a dozen of her dear friends partakers in her sensitive delicacy, and she did not expect that *they* could enter into the nature of the accommodation, without venturing to *surmise* a little for themselves.

Thus did the newly-repentant Clara argue a cause in which her own *interest* was so deeply entangled; in vain she strove to reconcile the past with the present; admitting that Miss Sidney accepted her apologies, would Wentworth *forget* the scene he had witnessed? she dared not hope he would.

"My wretched, my unfortunate *sensibility*," said the extenuating widow; "oh the misery of being so susceptible! had I commanded my feelings, and been able to dismiss this bane to my peace with calmness, I might have been spared the mortification of making Wentworth a partizan of this fine lady."

While self-love was thus active in appeasing the most ungracious traits that can deform

form the mind of woman, the woman on whom they had been inflicted passed her time in a painful listlessness; she had, with the pride of innocence, avowed her intention of departing from Grosvenor-street; and though every succeeding feeling more strongly impelled her inclination to do so, she was yet without an answer from the Hopkinses, and, it was possible, might not get one until the next day. She collected her little wardrobe, wrote a short note, which she purposed to leave for Mrs. Marnley, in the event of her going that evening; that moiety which her short residence entitled her to receive, she could not humble her mind to mention; justice must lead Mrs. Marnley to consider it; if not at the moment, it *must* recur to her memory. Poor Amelia! what a shallow reasoner! justice—as if such a word could apply to a trifle such as her services might claim: where *law* can *enforce* justice, many persons become critically just; but where it cannot reach them, at least were shrinking delicacy

delicacy or honest pride is the defendant, the adjustment is put off *sine die.*

The day had worn away; our heroine had never been summoned to a meal; when one of the female servants entered with a few sandwiches upon a tray; and in a manner which redoubled the kindness of the action, besought the heart-broken dependant to try and eat one. Amelia attempted to comply with the well-meant advice, but overpowered by the contending feelings which agitated her frame, she burst into tears, and could only thank her humble friend.

"As for leaving this house, Miss," said Rebecca, "I'm sure you may be much happier anywhere else; but perhaps you're like me, haven't a place to go to."

Our heroine sobbed aloud; the forlorn situation in which she was left had been present to her mind's eye in all its horror; there was nothing objectionable in Rebecca's remark; the suggestion was perfectly natural; but that she, who had till lately

lately been guarded by the counsel, and blessed in the society of the most amiable and tender of friends, that she should have fallen so low, and be so evidently friendless, that an untaught woman like Rebecca should guess her exact situation, wrung her bosom with anguish inexpressible.

Dismissing the zealous girl, with thanks for her attention, she watched the shades of evening as they gathered over the park; and as she saw the splendid equipages unladen, beheld the full-dressed parties collecting at the neighbouring houses, to eat their *evening* dinner, the unmeaning motives which *generally* drew them together passed over her mind. Her residence in high life had been of short duration; yet in its space, her observations had not been cursory; that want of *sincerity* which is a distinguishing feature of *very fashionable* life, had struck her ingenuous mind with strong disgust—the illiberal sarcasms which were served up *one* day on the *visitors* of the preceding one—that *never*-varying

tone

tone of *voice* with which *every* description of person was received—and not the least prominent was the contemptible parsimony which was observed in every department of the establishment, save *that* which was for *public* show.

Economy is an observance inestimably praise-worthy in every class of life; it is the right hand of justice, and gives a liberal heart its highest gratification—the power of being generous; but I fear the word is often abused, and what is termed a virtue, deserves, in truth, to be called ostentation. We know that this is not an Arcadian era; that simplicity of manners is not the taste of the times; all mixed parties must have their ratio of good and indifferent, of those who came to *eat* our dinner, and those who perchance value us for ourselves; yet it is so much in the power of the independent to *select their* society, it is so easy to draw the line, that I wonder Friendship does not more often link her family, and set the worldlings at defiance.

Though

Though the twilight seemed hastily to approach, the moments hung heavily; Amelia walked the room, leaned against the window, listened, and was the victim of every noise that shook the inhospitable mansion of Mrs. Marnley. At length a lazy hack crept to the door; the step fell with a rattle by no means favourable to its security; the area bell rung, and in a few minutes a note was presented to our heroine; it was from Miss Hopkins, and ran thus:—

"DEAR MADAM,

"Sincerely hoping that you are as anxious to come as we are to receive you, I have taken the liberty of ordering the bearer, who is papa's porter, to have a coach in attendance to convey you hither. My cousin Henry was here just now; he is highly offended with the lady you are leaving, and I dare say will not fail to let her know his sentiments. Nancy and I can scarcely bring ourselves to regret the cause, since

since it procures us a happiness we shall so highly prize. My papa is equally flattered by your pleasing intimation. Mama is at Margate; we expect her home every day. I am, dear madam, with much esteem, your's respectfully,

"JEMIMA HOPKINS.

Friday-street."

This friendly unaffected reply was a cordial to the sunk spirits of our heroine: her trunks were immediately conveyed to the coach; and as she followed, the assembled domestics, in voices of sincere regret, lamented her departure; yet unanimously declared, she deserved to be happier than she could be in that house.

Amelia thanked her zealous friends, and stepping into the hack, the awkward porter mounting behind, drove off.

It was nearly dark when our heroine entered the dwelling of Mr. Deputy Hopkins, whose fair daughters, with contending

ing kindness, welcomed their guest. The deputy was enjoying himself at a little convivial meeting, the *absence* of *his* better half being a sort of jubilee season to the whole family, who yet wore their *liberty* discreetly.

Leaving our heroine to become familiarized with her new friends, we must return to some other personages of our history; and first, because *duty* is an indispensible attribute of the female character, I must, in a few words, exonerate lady Anna Arlingham from that appearance of inattention to the commands of her father, which her recent visit to our orphan seems to proclaim.

We left her ladyship, at our departure from the earl's, on her way to the dressing-room of lady Morbury; here she was detained; Jones, her ladyship's woman, declaring, that her lady had had so little sleep during the night, that she thought it advisable not to disturb her. Lady Anna coincided in opinion, and was returning to the drawing-room, when sir Charles

Felton

Felton caught her hand; and leading her into her boudoir, claimed her *active* friendship for our dependant. He expatiated upon his own disappointment; yet in the disinterestedness of the rejection, her worth stood apparent—"How many women, moving in the higher circles, and ranked amongst the correct ones, are anxiously looking out for an establishment, and grasp at the first which offers!"

"Vanity out of the question, my dear girl," said the baronet, "I verily believe there are some young ladies who would have listened to my suit; as such, though my love is wounded, my principles lead me to applaud her generosity. Will you see and advise with this sweet girl? What if we proposed for her to Mrs. Howard? we know her worth, her kindness to her fellow-creatures collectively."

Lady Anna entered into all the kindness of the baronet's propositions, her own feelings perfectly assimilating to their purport; but the words of her father, though no

not a positive interdict, stood in force: it is true, she had not consulted with her aunt, and, perhaps, if she intended to exert herself for sir Charles, it was as well she should not: while yet she paused, her own footman made his appearance; he was going out, and she bade him apprize her when he did.

"Where are you going?" asked her ladyship, as she took some cards from her case.

"My lord desired me to carry this letter, my lady."

Lady Anna looked surprised; it was a breach of etiquette in a man so proud as lord Arlingham; and almost unconscious of her own defalcation, she held out her hand for the letter. Matthew presented it; his lady startled as she read the superscription; returning it to him, she desired him to obey her father's commands; when explaining the fact to the baronet, she half ventured to express herelf willing to make Miss Sidney a visit. She dared not impart her

her fears, as to what might be the subject of his lordship's address to Miss Sidney.

Sir Charles received her assent with warmth—" But if I thought," continued he, " lord Arlingham could be so unmanly as to attack this defenceless woman, if I imagined that, from a mistaken zeal, he had presumed to interfere with my name, by Heavens, no consideration should shield him from my indignation."

" I am almost angry with you," said lady Anna, turning pale as she spoke; " you know my lord's temper, yet you make no allowance for my feelings in all that relates to him."

" Yes I do, my dear Anna," replied the baronet; " forgive me; but for what could he possibly address Miss Sidney?"

" Perhaps to tell her that she must not expect me to shew her any further attentions; indeed he said as much this morning."

" Proud, unfeeling man," said sir Charles; " then you cannot go, Anna? oh, did you

 know

know how friendless she is, to what insults she is exposed, it would seriously distress you."

"There *are* white fibs," resumed her ladyship; "I generally strive against the habit of telling them; yet I am strongly tempted to practise a *white* deception. If I had had time to see aunt Morbury, she would have enforced the propriety of my adhering to my father's orders; but if I deliberate, the cause is lost; after to-day I shall not be able to make the attempt, as there can be no doubt of the non-intercourse act being more strenuously followed up. Walk with me, and wait my coming out of Mrs. Marnley's; if I am wrong, I cannot help it;" thus saying, her ladyship, attended by the baronet, made her visit to our heroine.

If such a breach of duty can find its apology with my readers, I shall rejoice; and, in truth, I think it carries a palliating feature in its performance, inasmuch as it goes to prove, that there *are* young women in the

the higher walks of life, to whom fortune is a blessing. Her ladyship, whose education had been superintended by lady Morbury, was not, strictly speaking, a very *accomplished* female; her fingers, her feet, nor her figure, had not been so much considered as her *heart;* that independence to which she was entitled by birth, had been in nowise detrimental to her humility; on the contrary, she had been taught to consider it as an adventitious good, which, by lying *dormant,* injured the possessor: thus she

> "———Gave gold a price,
> And taught its beams to shine."

That worldly mantle which too often envelopes the rich had never deformed *her* figure; she knew that misery existed, and might be alleviated by a delicate hand; nay more, she was in actual possession of a species of knowledge which would absolutely *derange* some *very timid* ladies,

 namely,

namely, being convinced that all human creatures were *liable* to *bodily* ailment; she neither shrunk from the afflicted sufferer, or, in order to *avoid infection*, forgot *she* was a human atom, and *might* be the *appointed* victim of pain.

Thus lady Anna Arlingham's application of her purse, when she visited our heroine, was an act consistent with the tenor of her life; and if a *recipe* so effectual was more generally offered, in cases of *mental* anguish, I believe that the sum of human suffering would be greatly abridged.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that sir Charles Felton willingly assented to be the escort of his cousin, whose regress he awaited with anxious solicitude; her communication giving no new cause for hope, he merely attended her ladyship home; and at parting, bidding her hasten to inform Mrs. Howard of their mutual wishes in favour of our dependant, took leave.

That lady Anna should have stepped before

fore our hero, in offering her services to Miss Sidney, proved, upon reflection, highly consolatory to Wentworth.

"It is lovely to find a woman thus amiably zealous in the cause of a *woman,*" sighed Sidney, as he quitted the now-hated dwelling of Mrs. Marnley; "and in point of propriety, her interference is more correct. I will believe her guileless, *though* an odious mystery clings to her fate: if she *is* connected, as I suspect, there may be *some* reason for her change of name, though I cannot think it a delicate recourse;" and his heart, which was even more interested in the event than he imagined, instantly throbbed a refutation of the term. "She is chastely delicate in her manner," he resumed; "and o'er her open brow, innocence has set its seal;" and again the tardy confidence of Durweston rose on his mind: "was he unwilling to own his marriage with a creature so lovely? he could not possibly anticipate any resentment from sir Ormsby on that head, if, as doctor Firmor had

stated, the baronet had declined to succour the orphan; at all events, if my father has the power of making restitution, he is now willing to do so; nor will I suffer false pride to retard its performance," he added: thus resolving, our hero was announced at lord Arlingham's.

Lady Morbury and her niece were *tête-à-tête.* Wentworth presented Miss Sidney's little packet; and taking a chair by lady Morbury, watched the countenance of his fair favourite. He saw her slide the inclosed purse into her pocket; and as she hurried over the billet, he beheld tears fill her eyes.

"What an ingenuous and noble mind!" said her ladyship, turning her glistening eyes upon our hero.

"How pleasing to perceive that qualities so estimable unfold to a heart so capable of appreciating them!" replied Wentworth. "Lady Morbury, you ought to be proud of this fair specimen of feminine sweetness. I abhor flattery, yet own myself

self at a loss for words adequate to my sense of a character so rational."

"She is very rational, Mr. Wentworth," replied the gratified aunt; "Anna's liveliness would impress strangers with the idea that she was thoughtless; yet, I trust, those who know her best will exonerate her from a charge so frivolous; she is cheerful from disposition; it is a most happy possession, one that helps to attenuate the casualties to which even *her* situation of life is subject."

"You are right, my dear madam," said Sidney; "it is the rationality of your pupil which engages my sincere admiration. I could not use such a term to a merely accomplished woman, whose perishable claims to distinction are hourly languishing into satiety: lady Anna's *heart* has been *educated*; the soil must have been luxuriant, or it could not have produced such fadeless blossoms."

"You are absolutely ridiculous," said the

the applauded girl, turning to our hero. "Wentworth, I suspect you."

"Of any thing rather than dishonour."

"Not of actual dishonour, but of retrograde feelings—involuntary homage."

"I will deserve your friendship, my sweet friend," resumed Sidney. "What if I say that the fair unfortunate in question has interested my feelings; and more, that I believe she has a claim upon my family, which I am most anxious to ascertain. I speak in confidence; my esteem for Felton is too pure to admit a thought inconsistent with his views; nor could I, under existing circumstances, say thus much in any other society."

"I like your candour," said lady Anna; "but I am half angry with my young friend; I fear she has a little of the Wentworth pride in her composition."

"I dare not seek into your confidence," resumed Sidney; "yet tell me, is not independence of mind sometimes termed pride?"

"There

"There can be no doubt that it is often so denominated," said lady Morbury; "and I condemn the application; youth should feel its own powers; it leads to an exertion of intellect highly praiseworthy; there is a point at which it should pause; and I believe it rarely happens, that the *truly* delicate mind o'ersteps its bounds."

"It could not, where such refined judgments interfere," said Wentworth, rising. "I must profit by your delineation, and, if possible, act by your example. Adieu," he continued, taking the hand of lady Anna; "you merit, and must attain happiness;" and with a heart softened, yet delighted by a visit so consonant with his ideas of female gentleness, our enthusiastic Englishman departed.

Wentworth comprehended, from the action of lady Anna, when opening Miss Sidney's letter, and her subsequent allusion to the *pride* of the dependant, that a pecuniary offering had been submitted for her acceptance; that rejection, even though her

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

her ladyship had been the donor, was a matter of pleasing reflection to our hero; it implied that her mind was not degraded, and he trusted that *her* difficulties were not of a nature so humiliating.

On his arrival in Park-street, the anxious countenance of Philip, evidently waiting his return, caught his eye.

"Are you ill?" asked Sidney.

"No, sir; but I have a great favour to ask of you."

Mr. Hall sneered; he was secure of a place to which he was on the eve of going; he believed the aspiring Philip was desirous of succeeding to his department.

Wentworth saw the malevolent brow of his discarded domestic—"There are few things I could refuse to one whose services have been so *strictly* faithful," said he. "Go to the library; I will hear you there."

Philip attended the order of his master. His request was of the most simple nature; his uncle was going off that evening by the mail, and as his health was yet very infirm, he

wished

wished to go the first stage with him; he promised to be back time enough for his master's dressing next morning.

Sidney instantly assented to the proposition; bade him not mind an hour or two —he could spare him very well. "Does your cousin go with her father," he continued, looking towards the culprit, "Philip?"

"Yes, sir, and that makes *me* the more anxious to go."

"*She* is not in bad health?" resumed Sidney, with a smile.

"No, sir; but she will have a child to take care of; and, therefore, cannot attend so much to her father."

"Well," said our hero, "you have not only my consent to go, but I approve of your affection for your relations: tell the good girl, your cousin, to take care of her father upon the road, and give her this," putting a five-pound note into the hand of Philip.

"I am sure, sir——"

"I fear you have little time to lose," interrupted Wentworth: "go, my good lad, and let me see you cheerful at your return."

Our hero now recollected he was to dine at home, and alone; it was a relief to avoid a mixed party, in his present temper of mind; yet the churlish system of a bachelor's establishment was growing every day more irksome to his feelings: what though he attended minutely to those habits of elegance in his dress, with which well-bred men cannot dispense, though he changed his morning suit for an evening one, and sat down to a well-served dinner, it was a listless, an unsocial meal; nay, it required qualities he abhorred to make a repast, like the one in question, palatable. An epicure, a *bon vivant*, provided his cook and his cellar is excellent, can enjoy life alone; he lives for himself. It is widely different with the social heart, which seeks a kindred mind, to which it may impart its sentiments.

"I will

"I will not live this monotonous and useless life," sighed our hero, as he walked the half-shaded drawing-room, towards the close of evening. "The mechanic, who devotes his day to the labour of his trade, and seeks his social home at eve, is infinitely my superior. Some especial pursuit shall be mine, and that soon."

The law, physic, and divinity, passed in review, mentally; the first was an arduous pursuit, required personal confidence, and, to be perfectly attained, should have been earlier studied; and though its *purpose* was, in many instances, designed to alleviate distress, its *practice* must necessarily enlarge a man's acquaintance with human misery. To physic, there arose objections, founded on similar principles: and with regard to the sacred calling, "it should be the imperious bent of the mind," said our hero, "growing with our growth, and strengthening with our strength; a zeal not only suited to the sublime service, but the effect of a pure and holy mind, *voluntarily*

rily dedicating itself to a Supreme Master. As a trusting and devout believer, I repose on the mercy of my God, and consider that he will hear the voice of the repentant; but when I speak of his *immediate* servants, I attach that correctness of morals, that never-slumbering vigilance, which, without *austerity*, is the bulwark and the *light* of religion; enforcing its precepts by expounding its truths; and in the *example* of their lives, giving a model for imitation."

A soldier's calling was one easily taken up;—here the rights of humanity threw in a caveat;

> "——— *One* murder makes a villain;
> *Millions*, a hero;"

and he shrunk from the reckless misery. The only alternative was a country gentleman's life; to farm, build, improve his own possessions, and ameliorate those of his tenantry; he might cultivate in a degree his natural taste for chemical process; study sufficiently for his own and his neigh-

bours security, the less abstruse practices of the lawyer's art. In short, Wentworth had pursued his train of reasoning with so much earnestness, that it is probable he would have ended in electing himself into the quorum, had not a *new* light been thrown upon his ruminations by the beams of the rising moon. Her silver majesty, whether by the gender which fancy has attached to her name, or from the symbolic mildness of her light, led Sidney to other and more congenial thoughts. He did not depart from village bounds, from the sphere of his childhood, but in idea, he conveyed a new goddess into its circle; a lady Bountiful; a healing, ministering, soothing angel; need I name her? assuredly not; but she, alas! what ambiguity attended her fate! and she *might* be a married woman. This thought revived an ever-festering recollection. "Tush," said Wentworth; "*she* would not suffer an assiduity, however trivial, were she married; and if *I again* am found in a path so dishonourable,

may

may I lose the favour of the innocent, or, what is equal to it, be compelled to wed my syren; but my own choice, the creature I could love, she—she must be pure—not only pure, but unsuspected."

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

"Must I stand and crouch under your testy humour?

* * * * * *

I am asham'd that women are so simple,
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace."

CHANGE of scene is to the affluent an almost essential empiric; nay, it makes up the greater portion of their happiness; witness the migrations that are daily made, without a purpose, save that of seeking variety. Happiness, in its most comprehensive sense, is but of short duration, and its permanence, with those who have it most in their power, is, for the most part, of shortest date. Reflection *follows* the projects of the independent; reflection *leads* the children of poverty; they find *time*

time to meditate; and though the fallacious structure (which fancy will at intervals decorate) perishes, the *plan* remains; and the mind, while it feels its own helplessness, is rather inclined to believe, that poverty of materials, not error in the scite, crushes their emulative talents.

Our heroine, whose new residence lacked all those luxurious elegances to which she had been transiently accustomed, yet owned the most grateful sense of the kindness accorded her.

The Miss Hopkinses were warm-hearted, unaffected girls; their father, a plain unlettered man, gave the fugitive Amelia a welcome of the most cordial kind; he could not promise her any thing out of the common way; he was not worth a plum; but such as he had, she was heartily welcome to. The deputy, like many other poor men, was quite a Cæsar, in the absence of *his* Xantippe. Amelia trusted she should not have occasion to trespass long upon their hospitality; a lady had promissed to

use

use her interest in procuring her a situation; and she had no doubt of succeeding through her friendship.

"Don't depend upon promises, Miss," said the deputy, as they sat at breakfast on the morning after her arrival. "As to your west end of the town gentry, I would not give a fig for their promises; they are like their payments, put off till they are forgot; for my own part, I hate to see one of their carriages come to my door; they always seem to think we have stolen the goods, and can sell them for nothing."

"La, papa," said Miss Nancy, "how can you be so illiberal? I am sure there are good people every where; and, indeed, you have had many good orders from the west end."

"A few, Nancy, a very few, and they were from country families, who just come up for a month or two now and then: but I was going to say, Miss, that I think it a monstrous doubtful way of living

that

that you have chosen; why, if they don't like you, or think you not fit for their service, they turn you off, and there you have your bread to seek anew; it is a precarious way of life; I don't like it."

Amelia made no reply; the idea was coarse, yet the speaker had no intention of wounding.

"Dear papa," said Jemima, "there is no other means for a gentlewoman; indeed, you do not understand these sort of matters. You must excuse my father, Miss Sidney; he has such notions of independence, that we never can bring him to agree with us upon such subjects."

"All situations which depend upon the poor exertions of women are comparatively transient," said Amelia, "more especially when they have not been educated for the world."

"Very true, Miss," said the deputy; "you speak like a woman of sense; I hate vanity; you are poor helpless mortals, the very

very best of you: for my part, I think a good business is better than any of their situations."

"Dear me, sir," interrupted Jemima, "business is quite out of the question with Miss Sidney: have you forgotten what Henry told you?"

"Right, girl; I beg pardon, Miss; I am a plain man, and when I recommended business, I spoke from my own feelings. I began life in a very little way; small beginnings, you know——"

"Do, pray, papa, find some other topic to entertain Miss Sidney; she must be a stranger to these sort of things."

"Then that's the reason why I ought to go on," said the deputy; "he who informs the ignorant, you know——"

"You play upon the piano, I believe, ma'am?" resumed Nancy Hopkins, alarmed lest the reasoning of the deputy should lead him into deeper error.

"A little," was the reply of our heroine.

"Ah,

"Ah, there it is; music, singing, and dancing, is the furniture of all the young girls heads now-a-days; not but I like a tune, and a good song, aye, and to see a parcel of young folks dancing now and then; but then, to my mind, there's other things wanting. It would not spoil the fingers of the prettiest girl in London to make a pudding or a pie," continued the deputy. "I don't know who brought in the fashion of flimsy clothing; but when I was a young man, the girls could clear-starch, and wash their mother's laces: hang me, if I don't think that the present flimsy race have been the destruction of all useful industry in women."

The blushing daughters of Mr. Deputy Hopkins bore lively testimony to another species of innovation, now very general; their education, though by no means as refined as many of their immediate acquaintance, was infinitely above that of their parents; thus shame mixed even in their filial feelings; whether it conduces to the

the happiness of families in middling life, I will not pretend to decide, believing that the fact speaks for itself.

A happy relief was afforded to the really distressed girls, by the entrance of Mr. Henry Carberry. The embarrassed manner of the young merchant would have informed a less interested observer than Jemima Hopkins that our heroine was an object of no common interest with him: he approached her with diffidence; yet his eyes seemed to regard her countenance with a mournful expression.

"I am sure you are ill," said Carberry, taking the hand of Amelia; "your mind has been agitated: will you allow me to bring a medical friend of mine, just to satisfy my fears? remember, I am in trust; you will not deny me?"

"I only want quiet," replied Amelia, smiling; "I have been unsettled in a degree; but I really rely upon the intelligence *you* can give me, more than any other specific that could be offered."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed!" said Carberry, with animation, when lowering his voice, he added—"I was forgetting my credentials;" and looking round, the deputy caught his eye.

"I understand you, Harry," said he; "you have some matter of consequence to relate: well, don't blush, Miss; I was young myself once. Come along, girls; I want your advice about dinner."

Amelia arose, her cheeks glowing with real shame; she would have opposed the departure of the family, had not Carberry, with respectful politeness, detained her.

"Here, my dear Miss Sidney," said he, "you will experience every kindness which hospitality can dispense; it will, however, be undecked by those refinements to which *you* have been accustomed. I can only promise you, that it is, strictly speaking, an honourable family: you must forgive their errors, nor for a moment believe that my *vanity* can lead me astray."

"You are very good," said our heroine. "Tell me, Mr. Carberry, is Edward gone?"

Henry

Henry replied in the affirmative—"I should have apprized you of it, had not Durweston enjoined me not to name it, until I heard of their arrival; he insisted that your anxiety would be increased by dwelling upon their journey, and the weakness of Mrs. Manderson."

"Oh, say how it was effected?" resumed Amelia, bursting into tears.

"Be composed," replied Carberry, dashing the sympathetic drops from his cheek. "Three days since, Durweston received intimation that the count had procured very commodious apartments in a cottage near the castle, and advised the removal of our good Mrs. Manderson, soon as possible. Edward instantly made preparation. I saw them depart yesterday, at noon: they were to rest at ——, and will reach their destined goal early this evening."

"How did she look? will she be able to contend with the fatigues of such a journey?"

"I am sincerely of opinion that she will perform

perform it with ease, my dear Miss Sidney; her looks were much improved in the last few days; and you, who are her immediate care, her constant theme, are the cause; she felt assured she should be enabled to arrange for your joining her ere long; she was certain you deceived her as to your own feelings; she saw by your looks you were unhappy, and made Durweston promise to gain your confidence on the subject."

"Dear creature!" said Amelia: "no, that must not be; some other situation may prove more eligible; she has been a magnanimous friend to me, a wretched outcast."

"For Heaven's sake, my sweet friend," said Carberry, "never utter such an expression. Oh, why am I doomed to so painful a certainty!" he continued. "I must be hateful in your eyes, or you would give me the happiness of shielding you from the insults of a blind unfeeling world; yet how dared I to hope, where so superior

a man

a man as sir Charles Felton could be unsuccessful?"

"Your claim to my esteem was prior to that of sir Charles," replied Amelia, "commencing under circumstances so valuable in my consideration, that no new *friendship* can ever erase the impression. I shall always esteem you, Mr. Carberry, always deem your interference an honour. I will not misunderstand you; let us meet as *friends*; you already know my sentiments."

"I do; forgive me; I will not transgress again."

"May I ask one or both of the Miss Hopkinses to accompany me to Pentonville?" resumed Amelia; "I must see the dear little boy and Nancy."

Carberry hesitated—"They left London last night by the mail," said he.

"Gone!" said Amelia; "and old Edwards, where is he?"

"He accompanied them; it was all planned by Durweston; he insisted that he

understood your feelings best; nay, he hoped to be back before you heard of their departure."

"Then I stand alone, not a human being to acknowledge me. You will think me selfish, Mr. Carberry, but you know not what my feelings are at this moment;" and the tears fell down her cheeks unrestrainedly.

"I believe I can comprehend them," said Carberry; "yet I must not allow this cruel indulgence. Think, my dear Miss Sidney, of those attached friends who so fondly love you. Edward will return in a few days, and I foresee a happy issue beaming through this apparent gloom."

"Mrs Manderson did not get my last letter, which I dispatched yesterday morning; perhaps it is as well."

"Old Edwards named to me that he had a letter in charge, which arrived yesterday noon; I hope its contents would not alarm our friend?"

"No," said the independent orphan; "I had

"I had resolved upon quitting Mrs. Marnley, and knowing that the least intimation of the kind would retard the intended journey of my more than mother, I determined on addressing Miss Hopkins, trusting that in the course of a few days I should be able to fix myself more eligibly."

"I applaud your resolution," said Carberry. "With regard to Mrs. Marnley, I shall see her to-day. I will not offend your ear by saying more of the unfeminine being. But why should you quit this? I allow that it must be a sacrifice of mind; yet, believe me, they mean well; the girls are truly amiable; their mother is an oddity, and, I trust, for their sakes, will remain where she is. These good girls were so elated at the honour you had done them, in accepting their invitation, that I received a letter of thanks this morning, before eight o'clock, asking my approbation of their mode of transporting you to this confined neighbourbood; it is in con-

sequence of their communication I ventured to make my present visit."

"Your motives need no apology, Mr. Carberry; I can only thank you for the lively interest you exert in my favour."

"You know not the happiness I experience, in being allowed to consider myself, in the smallest degree, serviceable," resumed Carberry. "My uncle, with whom you are an immense favourite, will have the honour of calling upon you; he is so punctual in business, that he cannot always command his time; he begged me to offer his compliments; nay, he was so gallant as to declare, there was danger in meeting you, though he fully means to brave the risk."

Amelia smiled faintly; she was glad to hear Mr. Carberry did not impute any blame to her in quitting Mrs. Marnley.

"My uncle is the last man who would sanction defalcations such as you have borne with; he is truly independent in mind;

mind; generosity is the leading feature of his character; of course, his hitherto peerless widow has fallen in his estimation, never to rise again. I am the slave of the hour," continued Carberry, regarding his watch; "I must leave you, Miss Sidney; have you any commands?"

"My compliments to Mr. Carberry," replied Amelia. "I need not say how anxiously I shall expect a letter from Edward."

"Depend upon my zeal," resumed Carberry; "endeavour to reconcile yourself to this home, at least until Durweston returns. Adieu."

The secrecy with which the sole protectors of our heroine had commenced their journey appeared to her isolated heart a sort of violation of confidence. "Yet am I not ungrateful?" said the musing dependant. "Their intentions, not my wounded feelings, should be umpire in a cause so tender; they knew not all I suffered; I had *my* concealments, and *they* would

would term them erroneous. Alas! I have already drawn largely upon the bounty of my beloved friend. Grant, oh gracious Providence! that I may attain a situation, permanent, and adequate, in some small degree, to repay the great debt I owe;" and as she cast a retrospective eye over the last few months of her tissued life, the inflictions which arrogance had imposed upon her stood painfully prominent. Again, the good which springs out of evil, and which will ever find its weight in the untainted mind, arose to oppose the sombre picture; and while her warm heart did justice to the friendship of lady Anna Arlingham, and the liberality of sir Charles Felton, her active imagination did not omit to retrace the attentions of our hero. There was a manly delicacy in his manner, as applied to herself, highly consoling to her feelings, proving, that the derogatory situation she filled was not beneath the countenance of a man of sense, a man moving in the higher walks of life; she reverted to the strong

language

language he had addressed to Mrs. Marnley, on more than one occasion. There was something truly liberal in defending a creature who stood thus alone: for those ambiguous allusions he had used, when speaking of sir Charles Felton, she could not so readily account, though she gave them a proportioned consideration. He appeared to understand the character of Mr. Supple; she wondered every body did not possess an equal discernment in this particular; she had never, for a moment, been deceived in the real dispositions of the arch-hypocrite; and amongst the references of this thoughtful hour, one substantial record crossed her mind; she was yet in possession of the scent-box presented to her by Wentworth; she drew the fillagree bauble from her pocket, and contemplated it attentively.

Justice is in many cases awarded in strains of eloquence, which outlive the cause which propelled them; and there is a *silent* eloquence, which, in every sense, embraces

embraces the fullest meaning of the word. If, as is generally admitted, the deprivation of *one* sense quickens the sensibility of another, may not the suspension of voice give latitude to thought? I will believe it, for I know that women, with all their ascribed imperfections, are reasoning animals; and their *serious* thoughts, it were well if men deserved them.

The return of the Miss Hopkinses aroused our heroine from the reverie into which she had fallen. The quick eye of Jemima placed the visible abstraction of their visitor to the account of Mr. Carberry. Jemima loved him, and she thought every woman who beheld him must necessarily yield up her heart; her's was a timid preference, increasing at every interview, however transient, yet delicately guarded from the knowledge of the unconscious enslaver.

"I am quite delighted that Henry means to see that odious woman you have left," said Nancy Hopkins. "You cannot think how much we were alarmed a few months

ago,

ago, Miss Sidney; uncle Carberry used to talk of her continually; and once or twice he drank her health with so much seriousness, that papa really thought he was in love with her, and might be foolish enough to marry."

Amelia could have satisfied them on this head, had not the widow been actually attached (as was evident) to our hero; for well she knew that pride was not the least conspicuous part of Mrs. Marnley's character, who would not have stooped to a city alliance, having *once* shaken off the original inferiority of her birth. Smiling faintly, she presumed to think their fears were groundless. Mrs. Marnley, it could not be doubted, might always change her name, when it was considered how rich she was; added to which, she was thought handsome.

"Those fashionable people only think of money," said the lovesick Jemima; "I don't believe there is such a thing as true love amongst them: for my part, if I was rich, I should not look for money with a husband.

husband. Is not my cousin Carberry a very fine young man, Miss Sidney ?"

Amelia replied, unhesitatingly, in the affirmative—" Not only well looking, but truly amiable, Miss Hopkins ; I scarcely ever saw a countenance more intelligent, or one which was more just to its possessor's good qualities."

" Papa calls him a buck, and laughs at him very often ; but I think he must have a great mind not to be intoxicated by the encouragement and favour he receives from people in high life," resumed Jemima; " don't you think so ?"

" In point of fortune, Mr. Carberry is equal to his associates, generally speaking; and as his mind is cultivated, he is not likely to overrate the countenance he experiences. It is only the vain and illiterate who are in danger from mixing with their superiors," continued Amelia ; " the informed man takes the benefit of the passing scene, and draws a model for his own line of action."

" Then you are not much captivated

by the pleasures of high life," said Nancy Hopkins; "Jemima and I do not agree in this respect; I should like of all things to mix in gay parties; but we are shut out from them; mama hates dancing and music, and she wont suffer us to touch a card; indeed, we live such a mopish life when she is at home, it is quite terrible to think of; yet we might go into public, for alderman Dulwich lives at the west end, and Mrs. Dulwich has sent a great many tickets of invitation; but mama never will let us go."

"You would not find mixed parties so pleasant as you imagine," said Amelia. "I grant there are some rational assemblies which are very delightful; but believe me, Miss Hopkins, it is the restraint which is laid upon your inclination which decorates these generally unmeaning parties with so much attraction."

"Perhaps you are right, Miss Sidney. I remember I was once so anxious to go to Margate, I could not sleep for a week

before

before we set out; and now I detest it; it is the most vulgar place; one sees nothing but the people one knows, and I get sick of it in less time than we can make the journey."

"Exactly so," resumed our heroine; "power usually produces indifference in trivial things; caprice is said to belong to woman; and, indeed, I fear we give frequent and convincing proofs that the application is not a slander."

"Did you always think thus?" asked Nancy, with an arch smile.

"The inference is natural," replied Amelia. "I, my dear Miss Hopkins, was reared in a society so happy, so perfectly suited to my mind, that I had no wish out of its circle; yet there were intervening clouds of sorrow, which drew upon my youth; they were transient, and I had a friend competent to console and stem irreverent ripenings. I never knew a parent's care, though brought up in habits of submission, which, I trust, have not left me ignorant of

a child's

a child's duty. When I quitted the protection of this friend, it was to enter on the world, alone, and in a dependant character; my views of fashionable life are consequently less highly coloured than those which a connected and happy mind would offer to your notice. What I chiefly decry is the insincerity of the system; I was doomed to meet slight and insult in many instances; it is possible, that in some cases I felt too acutely, and, perhaps, by anticipating the evil I dreaded, drew it upon me with redoubled force; yet I believe, upon reflection, I was not worse treated than those whom they *professed* to esteem, with this difference; what was openly directed at me in terms of insolent arrogance, was levelled in ambush against their immediate *friends:* thus my noviciate has warned me of their duplicity, and I scorn what is termed fashionable life: my poor voice cannot lessen its influence, nor would my exposition *convince* one votary of its fallaciousness."

"I have

"I have no doubt but all you say is just," resumed the aspiring Nancy; "only pray do not let mama hear your opinion of these things. I am in great hopes she will let us go to *one* party, because the lady who means to give it has great interest with the India Directors, and papa has a favour to ask of them; but if she was to hear what you have said, she would not let us go for the world."

Our heroine hesitated not to quiet the fears of her young acquaintance, while the fair Jemima declared, she could quit London for ever; a cottage in some retired spot would be her delight.

"Ah, Jemima!" said Nancy, "you would soon tire of that, if there was no Corydon at hand."

Jemima blushed, but made no reply.

Fate may dispose of us as it will, and we *must* bear the fiat; but to bring the mind into that tone which reconciles us to the appointment is another matter: it is possible to appreciate favours duly; the

really

really grateful heart is alive to every and the most minute exertion made in its favour; but the mind which receives kindnesses as they *should* be received, is, of all others, the least fitted to feel happy or contented in an uncongenial society.

Amelia strove against the depression of spirits which weighed on her youthful heart; she felt alone in the world; her present associates were disposed to render her cheerful, by a thousand little efforts, on their part perfectly well intended; they failed; for our heroine was wholly incompetent to enter into their character; and she feared her conduct would be termed repulsive, if not proud. Had a solitary apartment, with common attendance, been offered to her acceptance, it would have owned a charm incalculably valuable at this period of her life; she could have indulged her own thoughts, and though they were not of a pleasing nature, they were preferable to the forced serenity she was obligated to assume.

It

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

It was now the month of May; the weather was excessively warm, and though all the air that could be admitted was received through the wide opened windows, it appeared to Amelia a confined, nay, almost a suffocating heat.

The family had dined, and were sitting in the drawing-room which overlooked the street, when the rapid approach of a carriage caught the ear of Nancy. "I do believe mama is come," said she.

"No," replied Jemima, "it is a curricle, I am certain;" and she blushed, for the deputy was present.

"Jemima," said Mr. Hopkins, "how are you able to know the difference?"

"It runs so lightly, sir, and stops suddenly."

"Sure enough you are right," resumed Nancy; "it is Henry. La! what a handsome man is with him! I wish he would get out."

Amelia, who hoped that Carberry was the bearer of a letter from Durweston, almost unconsciously approached the window.

dow. How great was her surprise, when she beheld our hero reclining in the curricle, with his eyes raised, as to survey the dwelling. "Good Heavens! it is Mr. Wentworth," said Amelia.

"Do *you* know him?" said Henry Carberry, as he presented a letter to the astonished girl.

"Yes, very well—a little, I mean. When did you get this?" and she unfolded the opened epistle; it was only a few lines addressed to Carberry, and dispatched from the inn at which the travellers had rested for the night, simply stating, that the invalid had borne the journey, so far, very well. "There is some comfort in this," resumed Amelia; "Providence is very kind;" and her glowing checks were suddenly crimsoned.

Carberry turned and saw the cause, for Wentworth, attended by the deputy, had entered the room.

Our hero advanced—"I hope I see you well, Miss Sidney? this is a most unexpected

pected pleasure. Mr. Carberry is a miser, I perceive; he was not disposed to give me a share in his happiness."

"Mr. Carberry is always so well judging and generous," replied Amelia, "that I must believe you are only bantering him, sir."

"I beg pardon, madam," said Sidney, with a stiff bow, "and trust, that my presumption may find excuse with you; my *judgment* I feel was erroneous."

"Sir!" said Amelia in amaze, for she saw by his countenance he had taken umbrage at her remark; yet a something, indefinably oppressive, forbade further utterance.

Carberry looked sceptically from one to the other; he thought he perceived a mutual interest, and an equal embarrassment in the parties; and as he knew not that they were previously acquainted, his surprise was not inferior to his disappointment.

"You must not mind young ladies

whims,"

whims," said the deputy, addressing our hero; "they always seem to be offended with those they like best. Women are women, all the world over, I perceive that. If there is any fault in this business, Miss, place it to my door; I saw the gentleman sitting broiling in the sun, and thinking a good house over his head would not be amiss, I invited him to come up stairs, for I knew Harry would be in no hurry to go."

Carberry endeavoured to treat the circumstance lightly; while Wentworth, with a politeness too refined for his host, attempted to refute his opinions of women.

"You cannot convince me, sir," said the deputy: "all I say is, while they are young, we must give them their way a little or so;" and he walked the room with an air of importance. In a moment his assumed superiority gave way—a hackney-coach stopped, and, like another Gilpin, thinking it might be a "customer" coming in, he thrust his head out of the window.

window. "Girls, here is your mother," said he, turning to his daughters.

"Is it mama, really ?" said the affrighted Nancy, looking towards her sister, and hastening to the door.

"Mr. Hopkins," said a shrill voice, evidently advancing, "is this a reception for a wife ? methinks you might have come down to meet me. I ask pardon," she continued, perceiving our hero and their guest ; "I did not know you was engaged." The girls approached their mother, and welcomed her home ; they took her cloak, and were proceeding to inquire concerning her health, when thrusting them from her, she exclaimed—"Very pretty doings! who gave leave for the carpet to be uncovered? where's the baize ?"

"Dear mama, we will explain everything by-and-bye," said Jemima, in a low voice.

"That wont do, Miss ; I thought I told you——"

"Becky,

"Becky, Becky," said the deputy, unsettling his wig as he spoke, "there's a season for all things."

"What have I done," said Carberry, laughing, "that you will not speak to me?"

"How are you, sir?" said Mrs. Hopkins; "I am so flustered that I don't know what I say. As the saying is, 'when the cat's away, the mice will play;' and so I find it, truly. Excuse me, gentlefolks, but if I was not to look after the main chance, we should be in the gazette before the year was out."

Wentworth, who had never seen a woman of this character, who owned a reverence, a leniency for the foibles of the sex, worthy imitation, sat in amaze; he saw the distress of the daughters with concern, while the visibly anxious countenance of our heroine spoke forcibly to his feelings.

Carberry knew his ground; he did not introduce our dependant, believing that the

the sisters would seize a more proper moment. Curiosity was among the list of Mrs. Hopkins's virtues; she would have required explanations which must distress her visitor; thus the apparent omission was perfectly well devised.

"How confined and muggy Lunnun appears!" said Mrs. Hopkins; "there's nothing like the sea breeze."

"It is very delightful," said Carberry; "but have you not returned too soon? you should have staid another month, at least; the gaieties of Margate have not yet commenced."

"Fie upon you, Mr. Henry, as if you did not know how I abhor all heathenish amusements, with their dancing, and their raffling, and playhouses; no, I went because my nerves required bracing, and that dear comfortable man, Mr. Vulpus, was to be a passenger in the Providence hoy; oh, if you had heard his *extemporary* discourses, it would have done your heart good; he is, indeed, a comfortable man."

"Poh!

"Poh! poh!" said the deputy; "don't talk of comfortable men, Becky; it sounds ugly; I don't like it."

"*You* don't like it, Mr. Hopkins! let me ask you, if you ever liked anything that I like? you are a poor lost man; I tremble for you, Mr. Hopkins; yes, my eyes have been opened to your sinful conduct; you are a lost man, I repeat."

"If I thought that comfortable scoundrel had been teaching you how to insult your husband, I would pull his nose," said the deputy, rising in anger.

"Hold your tongue, Benjamin," replied the peremptory enthusiast; "I will not be answered, you know I wont. Here, read these," she continued, drawing from her pockets half a dozen tracts; "read and learn the way to be happy; it is never too late to mend."

The deputy rejected the offering, and muttering something about hypocrites and rogues, quitted the room.

"Oh the wicked man! I am all in a tremor.

tremor. Mima, get me a little Madeira; I shall certainly faint."

The poor girl withdrew to execute the order of her mother; and Carberry, seizing the tracts, looked into their pages. "Are these the composition of Mr. Vulpus?" asked he.

"Not all, Mr. Henry, not all; no, those precious gifts are scattered about the hoy; and all who wish to be saved have the power of profiting by their blessed contents."

"I trust we are not *now* to learn whence mercy comes, or what means are requisite to attain it," said Carberry, casting the illiterate trash on one side; "and were we deficient in such essential knowledge, these presumptuous and prejudiced attempts would rather blind than lead us."

"Mercy upon me!" sighed the fanatic Mrs. Hopkins; "what will this world come to!"

"To an end," said Carberry, "like my visit. I shall look in to-morrow," he continued, advancing to our heroine; "this

storm

storm will pass over, my dear Miss Sidney; bear with it for the sake of the poor girls. Adieu."

Our hero, whose taciturnity had been profound, yet owned the use of his eyes; the scene he had witnessed would have been amusing from its singularity, had he not perceived the contending emotions it excited in the astonished Amelia, whose varying cheek and expressive eyes seemed at one moment to ask indulgence for the offender, and in the next, sought refuge from its violence. The heart of Wentworth was strongly impelled to give shelter to the forlorn fugitive; the society in which he had so unexpectedly found her, and her acquaintance with Carberry, alone deterred him from again proposing lady Beverly's protection to her acceptance: secretly resolving to claim the confidence of Carberry in their ride, he took leave, with a formality which gave pain to his hitherto distinguished favourite.

The glass of Madeira appeared not only

to revive the lady hostess, but renew her power of eloquence. "So, Miss," said she, addressing our heroine, "I suppose you have come to visit my darters, though nobody has told me as much."

Amelia was replying, when Jemima, with friendly zeal, spared her confusion, by explaining that Miss Sidney was a friend of her cousin Henry's, and had done them the favour of a visit.

"A friend of *Henry's*," resumed Mrs. Hopkins; "excuse me, Miss, but I must make free to say, that I hope you have some ladies amongst your acquaintance that I can see and make inquiries about you, for you know it sounds very odd to be called a young man's friend; young men are not too good now-a-days, and they are seldom generous but to answer their own purposes."

"Madam," said Amelia, rising with a look of proud innocence, "your insinuations, however offensive to my ear, shall not lead me to forget that Mr. Hopkins

and

and his amiable daughters have strong claims to my acknowledgments; I feel that I deserve *their* countenance, for I am above *your* censure."

"Pray, Miss Sidney, do not be offended," said Nancy, bursting into tears; "mama does not mean to hurt your feelings, indeed she don't."

"Why, as to feelings," resumed Mrs. Hopkins, "they are what I do not allow in my family; *obedience* is my due, and I must have it. If this lady is known to brother Carberry, that alters the case; he is a prudent man; but Henry is gay, though I grant he is a well-meaning young man. What is your father, Miss?"

"I have no father," replied Amelia.

"Then where is your mother?"

"I am an orphan," said our heroine, and the tears coursed down her cheeks.

"Well, but I suppose you have some relations who can take care of you?"

"None that I choose to claim," answered Amelia.

"That's monstrous strange," said Mrs. Hopkins.

At this moment the deputy entered the room, and perceiving the tears of our heroine, was not slow in tracing their cause. "Miss Sidney," said he, "I am master in this house—I will be master; you are heartily welcome to all that it affords, and for as long as you choose to stop. I verily believe my dame is parson mad; but I am in my senses, and will act as I please."

"Was there ever such a tyrant?" sobbed the enraged wife; "you ungrateful man! what would you have been if I had not taken you? who brought the money, sir?"

"I might have been a poorer man," replied Mr. Hopkins; "but if a single one, happier than with such a flint-hearted vixen."

Nancy Hopkins, who was feelingly alive to the degradations ever attendant on domestic bickerings, looked entreatingly at her father, from a conviction that opposi-

tion

tion would rather increase than diminish the period of its action.

The deputy, however, who was not *easily* roused to contend with his better half, having once taken the trouble to be angry, resolved upon going through with it. —" Yes, Miss, I repeat, you are welcome, if you *can* stay in such a miserable house; yet *I* might be a *comfortable* man, in the true sense of the word; but my wife seems to save all her ill-humours for home. I warrant you, you have been smooth as honey while away; yes, yes, women are not slow at deception; I beg pardon, Miss, I mean some women; there's no general rule, you know, without an exception;" and he bowed to Amelia.

" What, before my face!" said Mrs. Hopkins, rising in a rage; " oh, this is too much!" and she flung herself into her chair in a passion of tears. " Cruel man! what a wife have I been to the most insensible man in the kingdom! I tell you, I will have no visitors who cannot bring a

character from somebody," and she glanced at their trembling guest.

"I am in expectation of a letter," said Amelia, addressing Mr. Hopkins, "which will most probably give me directions as to my future plans; it may arrive to-morrow: should I be disappointed, sir, I will remove from your house in the course of the evening, fully sensible of your's and the Miss Hopkinses kindness, and too sincerely grateful not to feel regret at causing you any uneasiness upon my account."

"You shall not go—I swear if you do, I will leave that termagant to cool at her leisure. Zounds! have I lived to threescore to be brow-beat by a woman?"

"Pardon me, sir, my resolution is fixed," resumed Amelia; and she withdrew, followed by the weeping Nancy.

"The bold hussy," said Mrs. Hopkins, "with her apologies; she makes none to me for seducing the affections of my husband; yes, I see how it is; I have been away too long; my poor nerves! Oh, how fresh and lively

I was but yesterday, and now I am all in a twitteration. Mima, get me a little Madeira." Jemima returned with the invigorating fuel. "And now hear me," said the thrifty housewife; "tell the maids to put down the baize directly; have all the chair-covers put on, and the looking-glasses papered; you may look, Miss—I will be obeyed; a pretty piece of business, indeed, to make all this fuss with I don't know who; why, the glasses would be spoiled in two days at this season of the year: and d'ye hear me, if I see any of the best china brought out, I will disgrace you before her; why, at this rate, we should be ruined in less than six months."

"Go, Jemima," said the deputy; "Miss Sidney seems too good a young woman not to know that duty is proper in a child; and, besides, I am sure she has too much sense to mind such trifles as carpets, and glasses, and china; no, no, she is too wise."

"Why, Benjamin," resumed Mrs. Hopkins,

kins, "where have you been getting lessons? you are an altered man; dear-a-me, what a miserable woman am I! mocked and insulted in my own house! truly did Mr. Vulpus say, 'that a dinner of herbs, where love is, is better than a stalled ox,' &c."

The deputy growled an assent to the text, repeating the name of the parson, sarcastically.

Jemima was departing to execute the orders of her mother, when the contradictious temper of Mrs. Hopkins elicited a new whim. "Stay, Jemima; I will let this fine lady see that I am not afraid of expence; the furniture shall remain as it is," said Mrs. Hopkins.

The deputy smiled.

"You have not conquered, Mr. Hopkins, so don't sneer; I do it to please myself, and I know nobody that has a greater right, all things considered."

Jemima, who sincerely rejoiced in her mother's decision, endeavoured to turn the conversation;

conversation; she spoke of their neighbours; related a few accidents, a species of intelligence which always engaged the attention of the horror-monger, who never liking to be outdone in such relations, produced her quota of newly-gathered terrifics; even the deputy was nothing loath to lend an ear to the incredible tale-teller; thus a trifling similarity of taste produced an amicable *denouement* to a very unpropitious commencement.

Nancy and our heroine, when summoned to tea, were astonished at the harmony so evident; Mr. Hopkins was jocose; he was disposed to improve the gracious moment; he was cheerful, even to boisterousness. Our heroine, on whom its effect was most visible, looked any thing but happy under its influence. Wit, even directed by judgment, is seldom found to impart its meaning judiciously; in the hands of the ignorant, it descends; and the most painful inflictions are experienced, where the director *means* only kindness.

 Such

Such are the forfeits that the intellectual pay at the shrine of Ignorance. It may appear ungrateful to depict an obliged and friendless woman as incapable of making allowances for the errors of ignorance; but I assert, that however our gratitude may be awakened by those kindnesses which the powerful bestow upon us, the mind cannot suddenly debase itself, so as to value every ebullition that the intemperance of spirit may elucidate: I believe it possible, for I know it to be actual, that poverty cannot depress its victim to a mien so odious. An ingenuous character will soar above the denseness of mere situation; it may be *depressed* by the surrounding atmosphere; yet the internal effort bears it through the cloud it rarifies, and in the *independence* of its feelings, retains its chief worth.

As transient inhabitants of a decaying world, Mirth seems an essential requisite to existence; each day unfolds its joys and sorrows; the counterbalance must rest with

with the "pure in heart," those who "hope to see God."

If a conclusion, so consistent with our divulged religion, stands thus confest, all apology for the *terseness* of our heroine's feelings would be superfluous. Her ideas were chaste, and she was compelled to listen to language of the most uninteresting sort, often inexplicable, and when clear, offensive to her delicacy; then who shall say that happiness does not greatly depend upon the *society* in which we are doomed to pass our time? give to the pure in mind a garret and their own reflections, in preference to a palace, in which they must submit to hear, without a voice to assign their utter detestation of its system.

Again the daughters were the victims of filial shame; they dared not contend; yet their imploring looks spoke powerfully to the heart of Amelia, who took every possible occasion of diverting their attention from the passing conversation.

"Pray,

"Pray, Miss," said the deputy, "what is the name of the gentleman who was here this afternoon?"

Amelia replied.

"Wentworth," resumed Mr. Hopkins; "he is a monstrous well-spoken young man, not one of your high-flyers, as I call the blades at the west end; I fear he is not long for this world."

"Sir," said Amelia, in haste, "what makes you think so?" and she blushed at her own eagerness.

"Why, he looks consumptive," continued the deputy. "Can you tell me if he belongs to the Wentworths of Adderfield?"

"I really cannot say, sir; I have known him only a short time; he was a visitor at Mrs. Marnley's; but till I saw him here, I was a stranger to his acquaintance with Mr. Carberry."

"I am sure he loves you," whispered Jemima in the ear of our heroine, "let your acquaintance be ever so short."

"Oh

"Oh no, indeed you are mistaken," said Amelia.

Mrs. Hopkins turned an inquisitive eye upon her guest. "If you are prudent, Miss," said she, "you will not attend to Mima's nonsense; she is quite a match-maker, and never sees two people together that she does not marry them directly, as if gentlemen of fortune could not always get wives, aye, and pick and chuse too."

"Mayhap they can, Becky; but some men like to please the eye; and I think it is fair, where they can do without money."

"Aye, please the eye and plague the heart, Mr. Hopkins, that's done often enough; but for my part, I think it very wrong to hold young women up in such notions; 'money makes money,' as the saying is; and I never heard yet that men liked women the less for having money."

"I believe you are right, my dear; but I must own there's something monstrous taking in a pretty face, and I cannot wonder

der when young men forget money in such cases; I would not answer for myself if I was young again."

"Thank you, sir; I am extremely obliged to you," said the aroused wife; "a very pretty confession for a man of your age, Mr. Hopkins!" and she sipped her tea with an incaution that turned her ire upon the poor Nancy.—"Ideot that you are, you have given me no milk; I verily believe you are all in a league against me; it is very well, sir! to be sure you would have been the man you are, if I had not taken you."

"Pish!" said the deputy, "there's no general rule, you know, Becky, and, may-hap, I thought I got beauty and money too when I married."

"So its only a doubt, sir; but as Mr. Vulpus says, few women past their bloom have a complexion like mine."

"Say no more, Mrs. Hopkins, I cannot bear it; the scoundrel, to compliment my wife!

wife! I dare say he wanted to borrow money at the time, and chose that as the best way of getting it."

"He borrow! no, sir, he knows how his followers love him; and if we were not quite circumspect in sending him our little offerings, the poor dear man would refuse them. That's right, Nancy, remind me that I get some gunpowder tea for him to-morrow; I heard him express a liking for it."

"And if you give me a hint when the parcel is going," resumed the deputy, "I will pop a little real powder into the package, and send his sleek wig upon an errand."

"His wig! ha, ha, ha! his wig to be sure! Lack-a-day! the man has not seen thirty yet, and is as comely and portly a looking man as one shall see on a summer's day."

The deputy looked grave, and was settling his own caxon, previously to offering an interdict, or, *perhaps*, an admonition, when the entrance of one of the maid-servants

vants prevented his purpose. "A footman brought this, Miss," said the girl, presenting a letter to our heroine; "he is to wait for an answer."

Amelia withdrew to peruse her letter; it was from lady Morbury, and contained what follows:—

To Miss Sidney.

"DEAR MADAM,

"To prevent my dear Anna from infringing a command of her father, I take upon me to offer *myself* as your future correspondent, a medium which will give my niece a pleasure, to which she looks with lively interest. You must endeavour to forget that I am an old woman, or if you will be accurate in this point, pray take into your consideration, that there are some old folks who like to be thought young, and have much satisfaction in receiving animated, rather than distant returns to their poor services, in all that

relates

relates to friendship. Mrs. Howard, whom my niece mentioned to you, had made her election previously to our interference; I regret this, being certain you would have liked her. Her interest and connexions are extensive; and I have just received a note, which says, that a family, well known to her, are now desirous of receiving an intelligent and amiable young woman, as governess to two girls, somewhat advanced in their education. Make no demurs; they are already prepared to see you; the earlier you make your call the better; mention my name, and believe, that *another* heart will participate in your success, with that of your's very sincerely,

"MADELINE MORBURY.

"P. S. The address is, lady Tadcaster, Grosvenor-place."

Amelia replied to her noble friend, with a warmth consistent with her feelings, and strictly conformable to the enjoinder of her

her ladyship, glancing at her fears as to the qualifications she possessed for a trust so important, yet determined upon meeting all the difficulties that might attach to the charge, provided the parties were willing to try her.

Dispatching her letter, our heroine returned to the family, in spirits so much amended, that the deputy, smiling, declared she must have heard from her sweetheart.

Amelia disclaimed the implication; she owned, that a prospect of succeeding to a situation, now her ardent wish, had caused the alteration so visible.

"Many things fall out between the cup and the lip, Miss," said Mrs. Hopkins, with a snarling voice; "nothing's certain in this uncertain life."

Amelia bowed her head; it was evident that her hostess was not disposed to let any body feel happiness in their own way; *she* must cater, or the prospect was bad: yet Amelia suffered not the gloom of the fanatic

natic Mrs. Hopkins to shadow her present perspective; it was propitious to her wishes, and she hailed the fortunate coincidence.

The evening wore away in bitter sarcasms from Mrs. Hopkins, directed at the west end gentry; while Mr. Hopkins changed sides, and now *defended* the very people he had so recently condemned, for no other reason than the pleasure of contradicting his wife. The girls laughed at one moment, and cried in the next. Our heroine, tired out with the ceaseless altercations she had witnessed, sought her chamber, and offering up a fervent prayer for her ultimate success with lady Tadcaster, consigned herself to her pillow. Whether the whisper of the sympathizing Jemima recurred to her memory, we cannot record; women are usually accurate in such matters; it is probable, therefore, that it did.

Attired in a half-mourning suit, the sanguine applicant departed next morning for Grosvenor-place. The weather was intensely

tensely warm, and the inexperience of the pedestrian added greatly to the length of her journey She had reached Hyde Park Corner, had turned down Grosvenor-place, and was regarding the numbers on the doors, when a loud cough from a balcony, and a sort of holla, caused her to look up; a fashionably-dressed man nodded at her, and shouted out a loud laugh. Amelia dropped her head; she felt the insult, and in her hurry to flee from its further effects, she passed some half dozen doors without referring to their numbers; when upon looking at the address, she discovered she had gone too far; returning, how great was the vexation of the shrinking Amelia, as she saw that the house she sought was that in the balcony of which the buck was yet reclining; the impression was unfavourable, and her trembling hand could scarcely raise the massy rapper. To her inquiries if lady Tadcaster was at home and could be seen, the porter replied

replied in the affirmative. Sending up her name by the footman in attendance, she stood anxiously waiting his return.

"Walk this way," said the fashionable groom of the chambers, looking over the balustrades; "my lady will see you."

Our heroine followed through a suite of apartments, each more elegant than the last, till reaching the front drawing-room, her name was delivered, and she found herself in the presence of the lady of the house, a dancing-master, two grown girls, who were exhibiting their attitudes, and the buck, who had quitted the balcony to stare at the agitated Amelia.

"Oh, you are the person Mrs. Howard mentioned," said lady Tadcaster, raising her eye-glass, and surveying the applicant attentively.

Amelia curtsied affirmatively.

"You had better take a seat," continued her ladyship; "I shall be at liberty to talk with you presently."

Amelia dropped into a chair, and lady

Tadcaster

Tadcaster entered into conversation with the buck, whose glances were frequently directed towards the humbled Amelia.

Our heroine's attention was suddenly excited by a remark of the dancing-master's. "Now, lady Maria, you must forget I am teaching you; fancy that I am a friend, to whom you are telling a pathetic tale, by graceful action; throw all the expression you can into your countenance," and he proceeded to play a very fine air, with all the taste of a master in the art. "Bravo! excellent! I think this will do, my lord," and he bowed to the gentleman, whom our Amelia now discovered was a peer.

"Famously, upon my soul! I give you credit for that; there is a great deal of style in it. Angelini has not half the grace."

"Lady Maria's *figure*, my lord," resumed the master; "there is the point; her ladyship's is a sylph-like form."

The pupil blushed profusely. She did not appear flattered by the compliment;

but

but avowing herself fatigued, sat down, and lady Charlotte took her place. A spangled shawl thrown across her shoulders, announced that the exhibition intended was Parisot's shawl dance. Each winding and manœuvre a *public* dancer would display, was practised by her ladyship, whose conscious looks bespoke her internal satisfaction.

"Charming!" shouted my lord; "divine!"

Her ladyship affected to be oppressed by the praise of lord Weybridge, and with an adroitness, in which *effect* was not forgotten, she threw the shawl over her head, so as to half shade her features from his gaze.

"Inimitably fine!" said the master; "what a playful fascinating character it gives to her ladyship's features!" and he looked to my lord for a smile of assent.

"I like lady Maria's style best," said lord Weybridge, with a half yawn, which more than expressed he was tired of the scene.

 Lady

Lady Tadcaster, who had been so intent upon a book as to be an actual stranger to all that passed, now raised her eyes, and perceiving that the master was departing, bade him be sure to engage music for her ball—"I shall depend upon you."

The master promised, and withdrew.

"What a bore these masters are!" said her ladyship; "I shall be glad to resign my attendance on them."

"It must be a famous pest," said my lord. "*Entre nous,*" lowering his voice; "is it not almost time they were dismissed?"

"You horrid creature," resumed her ladyship; "why, they are mere infants; I shall not bring them out these two years."

"Whu!" said lord Weybridge, "I am answered; that's a poser."

"Get along, I have business to transact," continued lady Tadcaster; "go, my loves, go to your school-room; I shall see you before your dinner."

The

The sisters retired; lady Maria curtseying to our heroine, lady Charlotte staring boldly in her face, with something of a sneer on her countenance. The peer loitered; he wished to be present at the discussion; he was more a thoughtless than a vicious man; yet, when a woman was in the case, and that woman young and pretty, his motives, strictly speaking, might not bear dissection; at least he was a projector; it is an age for speculation, and all dabblers are liable to disappointments. Taking refuge in the balcony, he drew a penknife, and appeared engaged in pruning the plants. Lady Tadcaster now turning to our heroine, proceeded to explain her wishes and expectations in engaging a governess for her nieces. There was a mixture of conciliation and *hauteur* in the manner of her ladyship, perfectly incomprehensible. If a gracious expression appeared to excite confidence in her auditor, it was immediately succeeded by a look of cold surprise, which repelled the erroneous belief

that her ladyship *could* be kind. Amelia fluctuated whether to accept a situation bearing a character so doubtful. The Hopkinses rose on her mind, and she closed with her ladyship, on terms apparently promising—a moderate salary, distinct apartments, and the power of declining to *mix* with the family, except upon certain occasions.

Lord Weybridge had gathered sufficient of the conversation to ascertain that the compact was made. Walking into the room, he placed himself before our heroine—"You are nearly as young as your intended pupils," said he; "upon my soul, there is something whimsical in the idea of such a juvenile Mentoria;" and he surveyed our heroine minutely,

Amelia turned from his gaze.

Lady Tadcaster looked vexed—"You are a ridiculous creature; do, my lord, either finish your gardening, or go."

"Neither one or the other," replied the peer. "I adore animation, and you look so charmingly

charmingly just now, I must needs contemplate your features;" and he threw himself along a sofa, at the same time humming an Italian air.

Lady Tadcaster spoke of references. Amelia named lady Morbury.

"That will do; I esteem her ladyship; she is an excellent woman. You can come directly, I suppose?"

Our heroine fixed the ensuing morning.

"Well then, that is all;" and her ladyship bowed.

Our heroine replied by a curtsey, and was retiring, when the peer jumped up.—"One word. You mentioned lady Morbury; do you know lady Anna Arlingham?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is not she a lovely woman?"

"A very amiable as well as beautiful woman, sir."

"That's cursedly starched," said he; "you will do, I perceive."

Our heroine, whose innate delicacy was offended

offended by the freedom of the titled babbler, made no reply, but quitted the room precipitately.

She had gone down a few stairs, when a voice, in a sort of whisper, exclaimed—"Pray, stop a moment."

Amelia looked round, and in an instant lady Maria, with the speed of a sylph, joined her. "Are you coming to live with us?" said she.

Amelia believed it was almost certain; lady Tadcaster had only to make a few inquiries, which, if satisfactory, she should probably be in Grosvenor-place on the next day.

"I am very glad, indeed," said her ladyship; "I know I shall like you; if you do come, don't tell my aunt or Charlotte what I have said."

Amelia promised acquiescence, and with a smile of prepossessing import, departed.

The suddenness with which she had closed her engagement, without consulting her only female friend, rose on the imagina-

tion of our heroine, as she journeyed towards Friday-street. It was the first time she had ventured to act for herself. Again, it could not be wrong: she knew the finances of that friend, the self-denials she had imposed upon herself in a thousand instances; consequently, it was incumbent in her to lessen the difficulties of so disinterested a guardian. The charge she had undertaken passed next in the mental review of the reflective Amelia. If the sisters were amiable, the task might be pleasant: the ingenuous manner of lady Maria bore much promise of kindness; lady Charlotte's was evidently a very distinct character; and among other considerations of our dependant, the dancing lesson she had witnessed did not pass unremarked. "I trust I shall not be called upon to offer such preposterous flattery," thought Amelia; "I could not do it, though the *danger* of the system would certainly be less unequivocal. Who can wonder at the frivolity of modern females, if such in-

sidious poison is offered to them at so early a period of life? the fault lies with the *employers*, not the employed. If a steady dignity of manner repelled all extraneous conversation in teachers, if the acquirement was considered as a *resource* rather than an *exhibition*, I must believe the women would be more solidly informed, though, very probably, the masters would make a less conspicuous figure in life."

Thus reasoned our young reformer. That her ideas were just, it requires only common observation to corroborate; yet I would have it understood, that extensive patronage, and unlicensed use of the tongue, are privileges granted only to *certain* masters, who, like quacks, embellish for the passing moment, neglecting, if not undermining, the vital good. A dancing-master, or a musical teacher, seldom pines in obscurity; *such* benumbing anguish is the portion of the intellectual. The man of genius, who sighs in secret, and eats his bread in a garret, he, though

science

science decks his mind, and honest principles actuate him to exert his powers, he fails; he cannot *dance* himself into favour; and though he should attain an inadequate countenance, and dance *attendance* on a few, speak honestly, is he supported? on the contrary, he is a pedant; his *pride* is insufferable, because the *seriousness* of his pursuits gives a dignity to his manner, inconsistent with grimace, incomprehensible to the mere butterflies of the day, whom triflers please, and trifles for the most part engage.

When Amelia imparted her success to the Hopkins family, the deputy expressed his satisfaction, as she wished to leave them, otherwise he should have been glad of her company a little longer. Mrs. Hopkins was glad Miss had got a place; idleness was the root of all evil. She hinted, however, that all was not gold that glittered; and this with a smile, which imported any thing than the lumination of Christian charity. The girls were unaffectedly

fectedly rejoiced, because they perceived it was consonant to the wishes of their guest; yet they regretted she was to leave them.

"I declare, Miss Sidney," said Nancy, "I almost envy you; nothing could please me so much as seeing a little of life; those beautiful rooms that are described in the papers—it must be quite like fairy land."

Amelia did not consider herself an object for envy, and combatted the not unnatural curiosity of her young friend.

"I am much of Nancy's mind," said the deputy; "a little gaiety is very good now and then."

"Mr. Hopkins, you are growing quite a heathen; pray, do set a better example to your children; you talk as if we were made of money, you inconsiderate man."

"I, faekins, I don't know that a little innocent amusement would be more expensive to me than your pretty parson; what with gunpowder tea, cambric cravats, and five-pound notes, tucked so snugly into

your parcels; ah, Becky, you thought I was blind, did ye? you find I am as cunning as yourself."

"Well, sir, and if I choose to make a present, am I to ask leave? I tell you, he is my comfort, my best friend."

"Hang that ugly word," said the deputy; "I am an Englishman, and though I think I ought to know what comfort means, in the right sense of the word, I don't believe there is an English husband who would bear to hear his wife call any man a comfortable man."

"You are a sinful creature, Mr. Hopkins; your own wicked thoughts make you judge others by yourself. I am not to be converted by you, sir; I have had a call, and am grateful for it."

At this moment the deputy had a summons, which proved fortunate, as from the turn of his countenance, a more than usual degree of anger was to be expected—it was to a customer.

Amelia looked forward to her emancipation

tion with spirits rather elevated than depressed; her present association was most uncongenial; and, in idea, she contemplated her solitary apartment, when her pupils should leave her to her own thoughts, as a more happy definition of the word *comfort*, than any that had been suggested by the Hopkins family. A source of disappointment, for which she was not prepared, took possession of her mind, as the day passed over without a letter from Durweston; she trusted to the zeal of Henry Carberry, implicitly; he came not, nor sent any message which could tranquillize her feelings.

A new day dawned. Again hope revived; she should hear from Carberry before she quitted Friday-street, which she resolved should not be until after the post hour. That hour had elapsed, and a note arrived from lady Tadcaster, assuring her that her inquiries had proved satisfactory, and that the early presence of Miss Sidney would add to her convenience.

Thus

Thus much had the fleeting tyrant unfolded to the view of our heroine, without imparting the ray for which she pined. It wasimpossible to delay herdeparture. Confiding her anxiety to the daughters of her host, she besought them to explain to their cousin her engagement, and the uneasiness she should suffer until she got letters. The sisters promised all that friendship could require; Mrs. Hopkins took a sullen leave of our heroine; the deputy led her to the humble hack which waited her reception; and we, having given a shelter to an unprotected woman, must return to the chief personage of our history, to whom we must dedicate a new chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

"Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact."

We left Wentworth deeply impressed with the miseries of a bachelor's life; his soliloquies, though multifarious, brought no permanent satisfaction to his bosom; his mind was unsettled; he was unwilling to admit doubts; yet there certainly appeared some room for conjecture. To meet his father, without having attained the wished information, gave him considerable anxiety. The baronet was petulant, and it was natural to suppose, that a circumstance

cumstance which reflected so little credit on his humanity would rather increase this feeling. The erring are usually very impatient under suspense; they weigh all things by their own irritable definitions, and are prone to consider those tardy who act upon a more liberal basis.

These anticipations, as applied to sir Ormsby, owned their full force with Wentworth; they were his thoughts when he retired for the night, and they caused him to muse as he sat at breakfast next morning. At length a letter was presented to our hero, Hall observing at the same time, that the porter who brought it hoped Mr. Wentworth would not notice his neglect, as he owned he had had it in his possession two days, and that he had quite forgot to deliver it. Wentworth satisfied the fears of the man, and tearing the seal, read the following:—

To

To Sidney Wentworth, Esq.

"SIR,

"Further ambiguity would dishonour a friendship so nobly impelled. The application I made to sir Ormsby Wentworth was in behalf of an orphan consigned to his protection. Mrs. Manderson, my respected aunt, apprized the baronet of the trust offered to his care some eight or nine years since; her information was not noticed; she was then in a distant country, and fearing her letter had miscarried, deputed a merchant in London to make a verbal communication to sir Ormsby; he did so; it was discredited. My aunt, *then* possessed of a moderate fortune, disdained all idea of entreaty, continuing her protection to the rejected child, who grew, under her kind tutelage, an amiable and well-informed woman. Circumstances extrinsic to the orphan's immediate concerns, reduced Mrs. Manderson's income. I believe I might with truth assert,

assert, she felt more for her charge than herself. Fate led me to partake in their sufferings. Various and many were the contingencies to which we were exposed. At length, about eighteen months since, we settled in Ireland: again disappointments were ours; a second, an almost total deprivation of fortune succeeded to an effort bearing much promise. We crossed the sea, and reached Wales. Strangers who bring no ostensible proofs of independence, are injudicious in supposing a *retired* situation is a security from insult; it would not do, and the environs of London sheltered my valued relation and her charge. Sickness reduced Mrs Manderson nearly to death; in despair (at her request) I sought sir Ormsby, not to ask *his* aid for *her*, but to claim an adjustment which his dispassionate reason would have termed equitable: thus much for the past. The present is more propitious; I shall leave London in a few hours, in order to settle

settle Mrs. Manderson in an asylum prepared for her: her charge is under honourable protection. I should observe, we have uniformly withheld from the deserted girl the names of those on whom she has claims. She is delicate, without affectation; yet the warmth of her feelings might have led her to seek the countenance of sir Ormsby, from an independence of character, which ever leads her to regret her isolated situation. I should not have been thus explicit, if I could not add, that a natural and near connexion of our beloved young friend is hourly expected in England; to him I can have no hesitation in unfolding the actual state of things, and look forward to seeing her fill that rank in life she was formed to adorn. The honour of Mr. Wentworth's friendship owns a charm incalculably valuable in my eyes; yet I cannot avail myself of the distinction immediately: should I grow wiser, I will then *personally* assure Mr. Wentworth of

the high esteem I entertain for him; till when, I beg him to believe me his obliged and respectful servant,

"EDWARD DURWESTON.

"Broad-street, Tuesday morning."

"Durweston!" sighed our hero; "your prideshall not exclude *me* from your friendship. I honour your character; there is a warmth, a natural integrity in all you say, which makes me ambitious of your esteem. She cannot be his wife," said Sidney, referring to those parts of the letter in which the orphan was most particularly named; "yet it was very natural to call a wife, dear; but young friend, followed, and that did not imply a creature so connected with one's being: again, was this fancied being the Miss Sidney he *almost* loved? she might be considered as under honourable protection, for Mrs. Marnley was a woman who filled a respectable rank in life; the change of name might be accounted for; those

those most interested in her future prospects, perhaps thought it best not to subject a name of some consideration to be placed in an inferior, yet conspicuous point of view. I condemn this," sighed Sidney.

> "Honour and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, *there* all the *honour* lies."

"Yet I allow a thousand delicacies may attach to a really retired woman, which require her eloquence to enlighten our grosser judgment. Good Heavens! and did my father turn a deaf ear to the orphan's claim, the child of the woman he *had* loved? If I know my own heart, and the fair creature I bear in remembrance should eventually prove to be the wife of Durweston, I think I could love her children, and protect them to the end of my life. I, it is true, have not been rejected. It is difficult to draw the line," said Wentworth, after a pause; "at all events, I can now prove to my father I have

have been zealous in my inquiries; and should the fair orphan rise into independence without his aid, though I should feel as a son, I cannot but rejoice that virtue triumphs."

Conscience, what a panoply art thou! oh, why will men seek abroad for consolation, and neglect to cultivate that blissful soil—the Eden of the mind; a paradise supported by a mean so simple, that the least educated of the rational mass is competent to the toil.

There is not a more difficult task than that of conferring favours upon superior minds; the line of demarkation is so fine, that few attain the happy method of doing good. Truly has the poet defined superior benevolence, where, speaking of real philanthropists, he says, they

> " ——— do good by stealth,
> And blush to find it fame."

If the shades of poverty environ a *woman*, and she owes her release from its depressing

ing horrors to the sympathy and benevolence of *man*, her feelings may be, they will be wounded; yet she is the *natural* claimant to their favour; from earliest infancy she looks to the other sex for protection; how many of these lordly creatures dishonour their power, it were painful to trace; but though she is obliged, I repeat, she is by nature and character the object for man's compassionate interest. I do not carry *my* affiliating ideas so far as to make man the immediate care of man; in sickness, in danger, where the affections, the passions are surprised, a true Christian embraces the universe as his fellow-beings, and alleviates, as far as his means will bear him out, often beyond them. This is mere fellowship, the inherent principle of every *good* mind. A *premeditated* act of munificence, and that towards a man, young, apparently tenacious of being considered necessitous, to give ease to such a mind is a task infinitely difficult.

Our hero, who believed Durweston would wholly

wholly reject the interference of his father in all money concerns, resolved to anticipate the intentions of sir Ormsby. After reperusing the letter of Durweston, it occurred to Sidney that the absence of the man for whom he was thus interested was highly propitious to his intentions; it was beyond a doubt, from the date of his letter, he was the Durweston who officiated in Mr. Carberry's office. Thus informed, our hero took his way to Broad-street, trusting to his own feelings, which he presumed could not lead him to wound, where he meant to be anything than intrusive. As he entered Broad-street, Henry Carberry, in his curricle, was turning the street: Carberry pulled the reins.—"I will return instantly, Mr. Wentworth; you purposed me the pleasure of a call."

"If you will give me a seat by your side," said Sidney, "conversation is my object, I should be obliged."

"Most certainly," said the merchant.

Wentworth stepped into the curricle.

"I have

"I have one visit to make," resumed Carberry, "which will not detain me many minutes; we will then cut off into the road; you will excuse the detention."

The call in question was that which we have depicted as taking place at Mr. Hopkins's. When Sidney bowed his assent to his friend's proposal, he had no idea that the incident could interest him. He took the reins from Carberry as he alighted in Friday street, and sat listlessly observing the narrowness of the opening: at length female voices reached his ear; in a moment his own name was mentioned, and on looking up, he beheld Amelia, who turned suddenly, as if to meet a visitor. Durweston, Carberry, the whole connexion rushed on the mind of Sidney; how was it? how complicated and extraordinary was all that related to this young woman? While he was revolving this mysterious occurrence, the deputy sallied forth, and entreated our hero to alight. The offer was tempting; and without considering the oddness of

his

his intrusion, he had called the groom to the horses, and followed the deputy up stairs, in a period almost instantaneous. The result has been explained, as far as transpired in Friday-street. Like many of those false lights which Hope throws out to the sanguine, Sidney felt his delusive dream transient; he left Mr. Hopkins's drawing-room, strongly impressed with the belief that our heroine defended Carberry with a warmth very like love; and so powerfully did the idea take possession of his mind, that his taciturnity would have appeared rudeness to any man who had been less abstracted than Carberry.

The curricle was in motion, nay, it moved with a velocity highly fashionable, and had brought its owner some distance on the Islington-road, ere the motive for which Sidney had become its inhabitant elicited itself in more than monosyllables. At length Carberry reverted to the evident misery of Mr. Hopkins's domestic life.—

"Such a scene you never witnessed, Mr. Wentworth?"

"Not exactly," said Wentworth. "I pity the daughters; their appearance is modest and pleasing, and their shame perfectly natural."

"They are excellent girls," resumed Carberry; "I trust to their judgment for all the comfort Miss Sidney can experience, in a society so ill-suited to her mind."

"How long have you known Miss Sidney?" asked Wentworth.

"Two years," replied Carberry; "I saw her first in Ireland."

"In Ireland!" repeated our hero. "Is not Durweston a friend of yours?"

"I love Durweston as a brother," said Carberry; "he is an amiable, a very superior young man."

"I believe it, Mr. Carberry. Can you tell me how I could serve him, without his knowledge?"

"No, Mr. Wentworth; I hope his unmerited

merited trials are nearly at an end; if friendship could ever have been effectually necessary, I believe he knows where that friend is. I have heard he has met unkindness, where, by right, he might have claimed consideration. It was not from himself I heard this; yet I know his disposition to be so strictly honourable, that I can understand how keenly he felt it."

"I know he did," said Sidney, forgetting, in the truth of the appeal, that prudence which at another moment would have led him to conceal ought that reflected upon his father.

"You know the circumstance," continued Carberry; "he did not mention names to me, from a natural rectitude of character, which makes him lenient even to his enemies."

"I wish," said Wentworth, "you would consider *me* as the man who *had* injured Durweston, and that I am now most anxious to be at peace with myself, by making restitution, in any way which your know-

ledge of his situation may justify me in adopting."

"If you have simply offended," resumed Carberry, "I know no man more likely to receive your recantation graciously; but I will answer for his not *compromising* with any man upon terms inapplicable to the offence;" and he looked towards Wentworth with an eye indicative of wounded friendship.

"This warmth does you honour," continued our hero; "you thought it would own a contrary character with me. I wish, however, we could understand this matter, so as to come to an adjustment."

"I am strongly impressed with the opinion that your motives are perfectly correct," resumed Carberry, after a pause. "I now recollect the words of Durweston at parting—words which then appeared ambiguous; he besought me not to suffer my *friendship* for him to make me communicative, even though I should be solicited by the man most worthy of confidence;

dence; adding—'You know I am learning the art of happiness, by endeavouring at content.' These words are applicable to your zeal, Mr. Wentworth, and are perfectly of a piece with an eulogium he passed on you a few evenings since."

"I should be more flattered if this young man were less retired—less resentful, I would say."

"You do not know him, Mr. Wentworth. I cannot understand why you call him vindictive; it is past my comprehension. I would not presume to dictate to you, but barely suggest how incompatible is obligation with a really noble mind."

"The remark is just," said Wentworth. "You are evidently his acknowledged friend; let me ask your interest in my favour; bring me into the society of this proud Durweston, and I will compel him to number *me* amongst his friends."

Henry cheerfully assented to the request. Our hero next glanced at Miss Sidney's situation

situation in life—the miseries of an *exposed* dependant situation—her youth and engaging person. To none of these propounded queries would Carberry reply in more than monosyllables. At length, forcing a laugh, Sidney declared they were a churlish brace of islanders, evidently possessing the *materials* for mutual confidence, and either too *nationally* shy or reserved to wade through their justly-ascribed temperament.

"I must subscribe to your remark, in order to restrict your censure," replied Carberry; "the time may arrive when I shall boldly recant my seeming acquiescence."

"Do so now," said Wentworth, "and give me the opportunity of profiting by your sentiments."

Carberry declined the contest.—"Not now," said he; "I could not be true to myself, while my feelings were so suspended."

"You are a tenacious *friend*," resumed

Wentworth;

Wentworth; "I anticipate you would be a jealous lover;" and he raised his eyes towards the culprit Henry.

"I believe that tenaciousness in love is frequently termed jealousy," replied Carberry; "yet according to *my* idea of its meaning, it is by no means an unamiable elucidation of the mind. We must love unworthily, grossly, if *our choice* is not capable of exciting our fears, not for herself, but the charms which won our favour—our selection."

"Do you allude to personal attractions only?" asked Sidney.

"By no means. Candidly speaking, I much doubt if we are very apt in discovering the beauties of that mind which does not woo us to the contemplation, through the medium of a pleasing countenance; in such cases our application cannot be questioned; yet I honestly confess that want of mind could never be balanced by the mere beauty of the exterior."

"Certainly not," said our hero; "nor do

do I pity the man who, giving his happiness to the care of a pretty idiot, grows wise when it is too late, and accounts himself miserable because his dream subsides."

"My present intention," resumed Carberry, "is to make my bow at Mrs. Marnley's, a lady well known to you, Mr. Wentworth: am I scandalous in saying she is more odious in my eyes than any woman I can name? she has just sense enough to be mischievous, and power to screen her foibles under a mask, which ever gains suffrage—fortune. I cannot sufficiently express my detestation of her conduct, on an occasion yet recent; nor shall I fail to give her a just idea of my sentiments."

Our hero dared not utter all he thought of Mrs. Marnley; the world yet believed him a willing slave to her charms; and while he was anxious to refute the calumny, wherever it assailed him, there could not possibly be a more vile return than that of uniting to depreciate a woman, of whom he really thought most meanly. He therefore

fore ascribed her errors to thoughtlessness; he did not consider her as *meaning* to be ungenerous; she was giddy from the elevation her beauty had procured her; "and perhaps," added Sidney, "she is disposed to meet your censure by a replication for which you are not prepared."

"I do not heed her opinion," said Carberry; "the circumstance I allude to was on my part perfectly clear; the only reserve was one enjoined by a person I highly esteem; I had no idea that any unpleasantness could occur from this restriction; but to prevent its affecting the *immediate* party, I bade her, on any occasion relating to her, to address herself to the lady whom she saw previously to receiving Miss Sidney into her family; this makes her unpardonable." Here the zealous Carbery paused; he had mentioned names, when he had not intended to do so.

"This caution is superfluous," said Sidney; "I am acquainted with the leading causes of the separation between Miss Sidney

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI

ney and Mrs. Marnley; and whenever chance throws in my way the insidious miscreant who promoted the disunion, I will bring the dastard to account."

"Is it possible that a woman like Miss Sidney can have enemies of the other sex? I know not how to believe it."

"There are such creatures," said Wentworth; "I speak from conviction, and

"—— In the catalogue they go for men."

The reptile in question shall not escape with impunity; I know his haunts, and hope to confront him ere long."

"This calls to my mind an invidious attack, in the form of anonymous letters, addressed to me a few weeks since," said Carberry; "I took no notice of them, convinced that their purport was anything than what they professed to be. I have no doubt it is the same person; they certainly referred to Durweston, and ambiguously to Miss Sidney."

"I do not doubt the versatility of this man's

man's malice," said Sidney; "he has a head to plan, and a heart to execute mischief; to shorten his career is my determination, whenever the opportunity is given me. You are going to Mrs. Marnley's," continued Wentworth, as the curricle crossed Oxford-street. "I wish to avoid Grosvenor-street; will you put me down in the square?"

Carberry assented.

"When shall I see you in Park-street?" asked Sidney.

"If you are not going out, I will call and give you the result of my visit to the widow," said Carberry.

"I shall expect you with impatience," said our hero, much rejoiced at an intimation so consonant with his wishes; and leaping from the carriage, he sought his home.

To the surprise of our hero, Philip, whose punctuality was almost proverbial, had not yet made his appearance. All dissensions from established habits gave cause

for conjecture; the present excited some anxiety in the mind of Wentworth; he feared some evil had befallen his trusty favourite; and knowing the quick and honest nature of his dependant, his interest in his fate was proportioned to his well-tried character.

Hall, to whom our hero had expressed his surprise, seemed unwilling to admit that accident had retarded his return—"He is a foolish young man, sir, over head and ears in love with his cousin, and so I suppose finds it difficult to part with her."

"I do not term it foolish to value a modest woman," said Wentworth, looking gravely at his reasoning butler; "on the contrary, I should prefer my servants being married, that is, if I entertained an equally good opinion of them as I do of Philip."

Hall looked his disappointment; yet he found courage to recommend a cousin of his own to fill his place.

"I have not yet made my arrangements," replied

replied Sidney; "it is very probable I shall make Philip my confidential domestic, and if he wishes to marry, his wife may be made useful in my family."

Hall hoped his master would find his account in his plan; "for his part, he thought it would not answer; it was a common saying, that married servants played into each others hands; he had heard it often."

"It is, perhaps, a just remark, as applied to unprincipled people," said our hero, "who, married or single, will make the most of their employers; but if I avoid *pic-nics*, and other intemperate revels, which my fortune will not permit, nor *my* principles approve, I must be a gainer, and shall have the happiness of knowing I have rendered others happy."

There was no answering this philippic; and the dismayed butler withdrew, secretly hoping the nonappearance of Philip might frustrate the advancement intended him by his master.

Our

Our hero had scarcely time to reflect upon the lively interest which Carberry bore towards Durweston, ere the merchant was announced.

"Softly, sweet," said Carberry, as he entered the room; "the most convincible self-arraigned woman in existence, weeping soft syren tears for her *extreme* tenacity, which has led her into an error she can never sufficiently deplore; such is the widow; what say you, Mr. Wentworth?"

"I know not what to say," replied Sidney: "would it not be mercy to allow, that being *originally* a *part* of *ourselves*, their *formation* produced a natural *defection* in *our* system, which makes their *weakness* *our* weakness, their *simple* errors our own? Heaven is my witness! a *modest* woman, whatever her foibles may be, nature has so woven her round my heart, I cannot divest her of her claim."

"An act of oblivion is proposed," resumed Carberry, "with this proviso—Mrs. Marnley is to write to Miss Sidney, and express

express her regrets for what has passed. If it were not scandal, Mr. Wentworth, I should be tempted to add love, not justice, induced this unexpected humiliation."

"Indeed!" said Sidney, and his features were suffused by a glow which caused Carberry to smile.

"Aye, and in truth," resumed the merchant, "*you* have avowed your respect for modest women. I honour them; but I am bold enough to assert, that merely refraining from immorality is not modesty, in the true acceptation of the word; it is an essence of incalculable beauty, eliciting itself in purity of sentiment, as in simplicity of manner. A modest woman owns no sinister motives; she may *feel* intensely, but it rarely leads her into action. I hate a speculative woman; they are always to be detected."

"You are scurrilous," said Wentworth; "make allowances; she who has raised your ire wears her worst traits outwards; the world

world has flattered her; she is less wilful than many I could name."

"Your leniency is appropriate," continued Carberry; "you know your power: yet I must believe you are scarcely sincere in your present defence, more especially as the relenting widow declares that *you*, with your usual discrimination, have already arraigned her conduct on the subject in question; she deeply deplores her credulity, in having listened to strangers, when she could always *claim* your counsel and advice."

"My situation, as one of Mrs. Marnley's trustees," resumed Wentworth, "necessarily occasions that familiarity on which your mistake is founded; and though she has honoured me by considering my advice as important in her arrangements, I can assure you it is a privilege she seldom exacts, nor am I forward in offering it. Chance led me to witness her recent error; I condemned her, as I would any other woman who

who acted so unlike a woman; it was a casualty: her disposition is volatile, and for some years she has been a stranger to restraint; she is ashamed of the unfeminine lapse, and catches at any means of extricating herself from its attendant odium."

"I am of the widow's opinion; you are an expert counsellor, turning from plaintiff to defendent with admirable adroitness; it would puzzle a looker-on to know which way you leaned."

"Consider the *cause*," said Wentworth, smiling; "few men deny the power of female charms, and I trust there is not a man who would hesitate to defend them, where mere thoughtlessness casts a temporary shade over their lustre."

"I have certainly misunderstood the matter," resumed Carberry, "or your fair client overrates the front of her offence, a conclusion *I* am not willing to admit; for she besought me to apprize you she was desirous of seeing you; and I swear the tears stood in her syren eyes."

"I did

"I did not imagine you were satirical," said Sidney, looking grave; "forgive me; as applied to myself, I could laugh at your pleasantry, but I cannot bear a woman to be included in your satire: believe me, Mrs. Marnley is a woman of honour."

"I have no doubt of it, Mr. Wentworth; I judge her by Rousseau's standard, who says —'The most sublime virtues are negative.' Of this class is Mrs. Marnley. I will not enter into the motives which actuate your defence; I conceive them to be perfectly honourable, highly liberal. I should blush to own resentment towards a woman; yet I confess myself so strongly, nay, I might add, *tenderly* interested in the fortunes of the woman *she* has wounded, that I cannot speak of her with temper."

This half surmised, yet unexpected avowal of the merchant's, aroused a newer feeling than *friendship* in the bosom of Sidney, who surveying his visitor with a penetrating glance, sat silent for a few minutes. —"It was for him," thought our hero, "she

"she refused sir Charles; yes, I thought she defended him with more than usual energy this morning.—You love Miss Sidney?" resumed Wentworth.

"Love is a poor term for my feelings," said Carberry; "she is my adoration: for two years I have watched her through scenes of unprecedented variety, each trial adding to her worth;" and he paused.

"You are independent," said Wentworth, with a voice half faltering: "what prevents your happiness?"

"Ask me not," said Carberry, rising; "I have unintentionally exposed my heart; I am not ashamed of my preference; do not laugh at me, Mr. Wentworth;" and seizing his hat, he was hastily retiring.

"Laugh at you!" said Sidney; "surely you mistake my disposition; can anything exalt a man more effectually than a *virtuous* attachment? it purifies his mind, and gives a simplicity to his manners infinitely graceful."

"Thank you," said Carberry, rushing from

from the grasp of our hero, evidently to hide the tear that started to his eye; "good morning;" and he had descended the stairs ere Sidney could draw the bell.

"I have often said *I* could not love the woman who attracted general attention; yet this very woman, of whom I have been tempted to think more favourably than of the whole sex, *she* is beloved by two unexceptionable men, neither of whom she accepts. She is Durweston's wife," said the musing Sidney; "this is the mystery which occasions her change of name: yet the letter of Durweston was not a corroborative proof of this surmise. Is she a coquette," asked Wentworth, "trusting to the future, and trifling with the present moment? Tush! the character is vile, scarcely modest. She appears to have a very pure mind. The honour of attaining a hand for which many have sued, may flatter a man's vanity," sighed Sidney; "a silly, and often a very transient triumph. I wish she may not again mix in high life; it must

necessarily

necessarily diminish the retiredness of her manners; and if she is single and unengaged, I am resolved upon studying her disposition. Marriage is out of the question with me, at least while so many proofs of instability in woman are thus passing before my eyes; yet the expression applies not to Miss Sidney; the fixedness of her attachment is self-evident, that is, if she is not a flirt; and how unreasonable must a woman in her situation of life be, who should expect universal homage, offers more exalted than such as Felton and Carberry had submitted to her acceptance; even families of the highest distinction match with our merchants. A government contractor is scarcely more eager to sign and seal, than the speculative mother to close her engagement with the barouche-driving well-*established* merchant. A prior engagement can alone account for this seeming apathy; in that case, *her* firmness is commendable, and *my* celibacy *almost* certain."

The

The woman who orders her conversation aright, needs not the gift of *superior* eloquence to claim the attention of a man of sense. Reason has its radiant and its conciliating beams, whether from that *rivalité* imputed to men, who are said to shrink from masculine sense in women, or from what cause I cannot decide; but it is certainly observable, that the *conciliating* gain admirers, where the *astonishing* create *only* surprise. No disquisition in which deep learning stood confest had escaped the lips of Amelia; the vaunt in her would have been a short-lived assumption, who reared by a woman advanced in life, and strongly attached to a system which her practical knowledge justified her in pursuing, who had educated more than one woman, and gained credit by blending the domestic with the less valuable acquirements called accomplishments—it could not be expected that Amelia, not only the pupil, but the adopted daughter of her protectress, should shine a phœnix. Affection

fection dictated the tenor of her life, and by its endearing medium, the favoured orphan repaid the gracious toil. It was a sort of compact, in which the virtues of the mind were constantly in action; each party felt their own importance—the instructress, her power as a guardian; while that blissful attendant on innocence, Hope, smiled through their so often clouded fortunes, and gave to our heroine a perspective she was ever grasping; she trusted she should have the happiness of placing her beloved friend in that situation of life from which she had fallen; she knew she had one connexion fully able to aid her benevolent intention; he was a bachelor, and would soon be in England. How often she had new-moulded her plans, it were tedious to describe. Time had increased her difficulties; the expected relative came not: it was now that the advantages of a youthful education became evident.

The pencil, that elegant and feminine accomplishment,

accomplishment, exerted with a diligence nearly prejudicial to the health of Amelia, was at once her solace and the support of her aged friend. This talent, though highly intellectual, is not showy; a woman may be greatly excellent in the art, without betraying her knowledge.

Our heroine was a tolerable proficient in music; yet as she had never *exhibited* in public, none but a few lenient judges knew she understood the science. What in the name of goodness could attach a man of Mr. Wentworth's known fortune and expectations to a woman so tame, so *apparently* unlike the females with whom he was accustomed to associate? says the fashionable reader. In truth, it was that dissimilarity which you decry.

Wentworth saw she was unhappy; he pitied her, (and we can bear pity from a *man*); he beheld her insulted; here she adopted the only mien; she was silent, on many occasions where the irritable spirit would have o'erstepped the delicacy of sex;

sex; but when the cruel personality was malignantly pointed, and *that* before a man, the depressed child of dependence could not subdue her feelings; honest pride, an innate delicacy which caused her to be true to herself, produced those replications we have previously stated. Wentworth had marked their import; they were the replies of a chaste mind; and the transient animation they effected in the countenance of the speaker, appeared to him more than usually captivating. In the few conversations he had specially held with his fair enslaver, there was a simplicity of language which engaged his attention; she appeared reflective without affectation, and, more than all, though evidently *distinguished,* she was not intoxicated.

"How many women lose all self-possession when the flatterer approaches!" said Sidney, as he scanned those qualities, with a diffuseness which *we* have considerably compressed; "yes, I have seen these rational animals become mere idiots in the hands

hands of the veriest coxcombs, tempting their exuberant folly by every trick that affected innocence, attitude, or gesture could assume: it is of a piece with their education," said our hero; "they are trained for *sale,* and when once put up or *brought out,* must endeavour to catch the market. What a cynic am I growing!" continued Sidney, half vexed at his censure; "this is the effect of a single life. I will marry; I should hate myself, was this asperity to gain upon me. Man is a highly-favoured being; he, if he loves, can ask a heart in return. Is he refused? what then? a woman who *deserved* his preference would, if she declined his offer, be delicate in her refusal; if she were other, how happy his escape! we are most happily privileged in this particular. I will marry;" and throwing open the door, he was going forth, not in 'search of a wife,' but to Grosvenor-square, to see if any of lady Beverly's servants had arrived, when he came in contact with sir Charles Felton and

and captain Lennard.—"Ah, where have you been?" said Wentworth, leading the way for his friends; "come, give an account of yourselves."

"Rather give us a signal whether we may speak," said Lennard. "I swear I heard you in high tone as we advanced; and Felton was hesitating if it would be safe to encounter you."

"Allow me to peep," said the baronet, looking round the apartment with a curious eye. "Quite alone! were you spouting? guilty. Come, give us a specimen. 'To be, or not to be."

"That is the question," replied Sidney, laughing; "whether a bachelor's life or a married one."

"I waver now," resumed sir Charles; "I fear to own that women are, even the best of them, fair dissemblers."

"You will recant this assertion in half an hour," said Lennard; "spare your censure, and let us have Wentworth's marriage soliloquy. *You* have hitherto been

so guarded, so systematically indifferent, I am curious to know what wonderful combination of charms has thawed your 'impenetrable stuff.' I am all attention;" and he bowed to our hero.

"I cannot make my confession *in toto.* A single man, whether willing to allow it or not, will at times be led to compare the actual with the possible state; and unless his heart is dead to those feelings which do honour to his nature, because they soften his natural ruggedness of character, woman will assert her claim; it is a mild sort of thraldom she imposes. I have so often wooed the ideal vassalage, that I am *now* tempted to 'embody the thought,' and be happy, ere the world shall teach me that *undue* caution which sets the first impression on a *decided* bachelor."

"Be a little more *cautious* in your strictures," said sir Charles; "respect age;" and he bowed half gaily. "Yet, Heaven knows, I am not a *voluntary* one. I agree with you, Sidney; years, which lessen our claims

claims to their notice personally, usually increases our scepticism in their worth; it is a presumptuous and ill-founded conclusion, answering no purpose save that of increasing our vanity and souring the disposition."

"Exactly so; a bachelor's apologies are the most absurd farragos imaginable. One tells me he knows too much of the sex, they are all jilts; another swears he has expended a fortune upon their whims and caprices, yet could not find one who was worthy the honour of his hand, as if there could be any comparison between the woman with whom *any* man may flirt, and the *selected* object who has won our entire confidence. Who addresses a mistress as he would a wife? I would not speak harshly of the sex; I love them for themselves, and perhaps not less for that relying imbecility of physical strength which leads them to look to *us* for support. But there is a *strong* line between *timidity* and that tinder-like *sensitiveness* which makes a

woman her *own* enemy. He who addresses a coquette knows his doom, and claims no sympathy; he who wastes his fortune, and devotes his days to the women whom virtue disowns, comes not within my meaning; only let no such man presume to speak lightly of that class which *he* cannot appreciate; it is a sort of sacrilege to which I never will give ear."

"You are right," resumed Lennard, "perfectly right in all you say; yet while I admit this, I must remind you you have made no mid line, no extenuating provision for those whom deception has led astray."

"Seriously speaking, seduction is a vice less prevalent than people imagine," said Sidney. "Pope says,

> "Virtuous or vicious every man must be;
> Few in the extreme, but all in a degree."

"I never liked those lines; simple error will pertain to man; I trust, however, there are thousands who have paused here, and never reached beyond mere human foibles.

Actual

Actual vice is a plant which grows progressively; no human being ever reached the awful climax but by degrees; every feeling has its origin; and when I turn my eye towards woman, and would willingly find some extenuating apology for her weakness, I own myself at a loss. If her *natural* delicacy has not repelled the *first* advances, if she has been deaf where she should have been vigilant, I dare avow she is not the victim of man: chastity consists not in a frigid reserve, repelling the advances of the other sex *generally*; it is as distinct from prudery as impurity; yet like the symbolic vesture in which innocence is ever pourtrayed—

> " Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
> Nor touches on the world without a stain."

If the indiscriminate addresses of men are poured into the ear of woman, her taste becomes vitiated; and though her discernment may lead her to define accurately as to their *intrinsic* worth, it is beyond a doubt certain,

certain, her manners will take the tincture of her mind, and prove incontestibly, that the poison, thus applied, is not the least baneful in its effects. I should fear my doom if *my* sentiments were known," continued Sidney; " yet am I staunch; the most correct woman may, by those casualties which occur daily, be liable to have her ear wounded; it can happen but *once* to a *truly* delicate mind; anger is not the arms of woman; resentment takes her from herself; *dignity* alone can repulse the licentious; and whether his language is specious or undecked, she is her own guardian; her natural facility at comprehension is rarely questioned; thus if she slumbers, she is not *seduced.*"

" You are severe upon the dear creatures," said sir Charles; " such ideas will not facilitate your matrimonial speculations."

" On the contrary, they confirm me in an impression indelibly imprinted on my mind."

" My

"My fair enslaver, Miss Sidney, appeared the least tinctured with credulity of any young woman I ever met," resumed Felton; "at least I did think so; but what will you say when I declare I saw her not an hour since in Weybridge's barouche?"

"In lord Weybridge's equipage!" said Sidney, hastily. "My God! she could not know the man."

"Then her imprudence is infinitely more obvious," replied the baronet.

"What censorious animals!" said Lennard. "I have seen the lady in question; I admired her person; and from a quarter I am prone to accredit, have heard her most favourably eulogized. Might not chance have made her an inmate of Weybridge's carriage? is she not so situated as to make her own actions subservient to the will of others?"

"Very just," said Wentworth, "I had forgotten that; yet I did not know she had quitted Friday-street."

 "Grosvenor-

"Grosvenor-street you mean," said sir Charles.

Wentworth looked confused; then addressing his friend, he briefly stated his having been made a party in a call with Mr. Carberry, where he met Miss Sidney; "but how she has become so familiar with Weybridge I cannot understand," said our hero. "Where did you see her?"

"In the King's-road," resumed the baronet; "there were other females in the carriage, whom I did not know."

"What does this argue against Miss Sidney?" asked Lennard; "even allowing Weybridge to be a gay man, I do not consider him as exceptionable as many I could name."

"He is more ridiculous than vicious, I believe; yet *conspicuous* characters are always unfit companions for women."

"You are crossing the line, Wentworth," said the captain; "such stiff-necked morality is impracticable in this hemisphere;

hemisphere; tack about, my good fellow, you have good sea-room."

"It is rather a special allusion than a general application," resumed Wentworth; "thus your reproof is overcharged."

Sir Charles Felton looked as though he could have added to its point.—"I am going to Ireland," said he; "Lennard is bound to Cork, and I take the opportunity of *going* with him. I am *half* prepared for that *denouement* which you at *present* withhold. I must believe you took up the pursuit at a *period* which could not interfere with our long-standing friendship;" and his open brow seemed more than usually animated.

"You have distinguished my *involuntary* error by a term too strong," said Sidney; "yet you do me justice with regard to its date."

"Where is that boasted superiority for which we so proudly contend?" said Lennard; "what are we when woman casts her spells around us? follow us into our

retirement, is she not the object of our meditation? in our pursuits, frequently a chief motive for our emulation? in society, the magnet which draws us from ourselves? and in adversity, the only creature we can safely depend upon?"

"I give her credit for her numberless charms of mind as of person," resumed sir Charles; "and to speak honestly, I think we deserve her constancy: it is not derogatory to man to acknowledge her power; yet when a man of honour gives his heart to the keeping of a woman, it is a dignified condescension; he exalts her in believing her capable of the trust; if she values it properly, the treasure becomes a mutual concern, and their happiness is perfect. But the motives which unite the greater portion of married people are so unworthy, so at variance with that disinterestedness which should be the evident bond of amity in wedded love, that their subsequent inconstancy can scarcely excite our surprise."

" What a pair of self-tormenting animals ye are!" said Lennard; " I would not refine away *my* happiness by your cynical sophistry; and your pride is insufferable—a dignified condescension to give your heart to a woman—presumptuous slaves! when, honestly speaking, she moulds you to her will, and leaves you no power but voluntary obedience."

" Anna has been gracious," resumed sir Charles, " and you are consequently bold, and at peace with the sex; vexation has perhaps effected a similar feeling with me; you will give me credit for my sincerity."

" We will be lenient," said Sidney; " we know what you merit, let the temper of your mind be what it may."

" Well, I am off," continued the baronet; " I shall not see you again for some weeks. Lady Anna has promised to write me on one subject; thus I shall hear of your movements, Wentworth. If you join the Arlinghams at Westbourne, we shall probably

babiy meet there; I have bound myself to pass a week or two with lady Morbury."

"Whatever you hear of me, direct or indirectly, will stand the test of friendship," said our hero, giving his hand to sir Charles.

"I believe it, Sidney. Adieu."

Captain Lennard united in the friendly compact, and took his departure with the baronet.

The additional intricacy which attached to Amelia owned its full weight with Wentworth; the present, however, was not the moment for investigating causes; his father, if really coming to London, must be on his journey; and he proceeded to the house of sir George Beverly.

The servants had already arrived; and Watkins, who pressed forward to meet his young master, informed him the family would be in Grosvenor-square to a five o'clock dinner. Wentworth took his station in the drawing-room, resolving to

wait

wait their arrival, and summoning his old favourite, began his inquiries. Watkins, with that prolix garrulity usual with encouraged domestics, was minutely descriptive; and in his zeal to give satisfaction to his master, evinced a more extensive knowledge of circumstances than Sidney imagined he could possess.

"You see, sir," said Watkins, in reply to our hero's inquiry after doctor Firmor, "master and the parson have not been good friends for many years; it was all about a young lady. The women, Mr. Sidney, in my conscience, I believe they make more mischief than they do good; I am sure they do, sir, though you shake your head. Well, as I was saying, there was a Miss Tracey, that lived with sir Robert and lady Wentworth; she was certainly a very handsome girl, and master loved her; but somehow she never seemed to make him a return: well, she married; and, by-the-bye, she took my sweetheart away from me; yes, Patty Martin went

over

over seas with Mrs. Fitzhenry; I suppose she thought she should get a black prince for a husband, but she was mistaken; she was glad to take a soldier. Well, it seems the parson had tried to expound matters to Mr. Ormsby, as you know he is very able to do, sir; but he was warm, and they quarrelled; and master is a little apt to speak sharp at times; so the doctor and he was strangers for some years: but howsomdever, Mr. Ormsby fell in love again, and no wonder, for Miss Vavasour was a fine woman; and never was a happier pair; their only troubles was the loss of their children; you were the first born; but they lost seven sweet babes as ever were seen. I heard from Patty Martin, for the first three years after she left England. Poor Mrs Fitzhenry had her troubles too; she had lost three children then, and the captain had been badly wounded. I lost sight of Patty from that time; but the doctor told me t'other day, that the captain and his lady have been dead many years;

years; that they left an orphan, only two years old, and she is now in England with the lady who brought up Miss Tracey. I was much shocked to hear this; poor dear child! to be sure Mrs. Manderson was an excellent woman, but not over rich, I believe. Now by what I can learn, Mr. Sidney, the doctor has been talking to master about this young person, who is about twenty years old, as I hear; and I am apt to think sir Ormsby is mollified, for once or twice I have heard him say—'Poor child! yes, I will bring her home.' This looks very much like meaning to befriend her, you know; and I lay it all to the doctor, who has such a good way of persuading people for their own happiness."

This brief sketch of Watkins's carried a very soothing import to the bosom of Sidney; and though his recital was interlarded with some remarks which bore hard upon the character of his father, they were too just to bear refuting; and the manner of

of the reciter implied rather a love of talking than any sinister reference.

Our hero had listened with profound attention to the garrulous old man, and was on the point of inquiring if he knew the name of Durweston, when the narrator, starting, exclaimed—"Odds me, Mr. Sidney, I forgot—the doctor gave me a little packet for you;" and he hastened out of the room.—"Here it is, sir," said the sedulous Watkins, presenting a sealed paper; "the doctor gave it me the night before we left the Hall, and bid me give it to you the first time I saw you alone."

Wentworth took the offered inclosure, and upon opening it, discovered an elegant gold seal; while referring to the note which accompanied it, the imagination of Sidney reverted to the seal left by Durweston at the inn. The doctor's few lines corroborated the surmise; he apologized for the brevity of his communication, which he accounted for by saying, his hand was nearly crippled by the gout. Two letters from

from Durweston were enclosed, to which the good rector directed the attention of our hero; "these," said he, in his conclusion, "these will explain why I send the seal to you: I need not point out the mode to be observed; your own judgment will in this, as in all other cases, lead you to act consistently."

Wentworth perused the epistle, bearing the anterior date; it was evidently written under a proud tenaciousness of exposure; its narration explained his having written to the inn for his seal, and receiving in lieu of that a reply from the doctor, who considered it a pledge which he would hold until he could commit it to the charge of a gentleman, their *mutual* friend. This avowal had appeared to alarm the feelings of Durweston; yet ere he closed his letter, he was full of animated expressions of gratitude, for the advice and consoling sentiments of esteem bestowed upon him by his amiable correspondent.

The second letter was written in a happier

pier tone of mind; he did not, as here tofore, regret the partial publicity whicl Dr. Firmor's *zeal* had propelled; he sav the motive dispassionately; spoke highl of Wentworth; explained the circumstanc of the advertisement, and his answer; anc begged to assure the rector, that in declin ing the purposed services, *pride* had not in fluenced his determination; new and hap pier prospects had opened, though he was not yet at liberty to explain their nature Mrs. Manderson was mentioned by name; and in the event of a result which he trusted was not remote, he would, in compliance with the injunction of his new friend, make a visit to the rectory.

"This will prove a certain mode of introduction," thought Sidney, yet not without some caution. "Every word in these letters," and he glanced at the fair transcripts of the ingenuous mind of Durweston, "not a line in these but evince delicacy. I must announce myself as the bearer of doctor Firmor's commands, and deliver

his

his seal; but *I* must appear unconscious of the fact. Not a word of Miss Sidney," continued our hero; "I am half-tempted to believe that the deception, or rather the assumed name she bears, is not quite reconcileable to their feelings who suggested it. Poh! it must have been the forethought of age; Mrs. Manderson has been fearful of subjecting her real name and connexions to animadversion, and in this she has erred: there could be no disgrace in a virtuous employment; for my own part, I would rather the mechanic artizan blazoned *my* name in the least respectable calling imaginable, than that the immoral gave it notoriety by their blushless apathy to opinion. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of Anna Tracey's orphan, the *zeal* of her protectors (though in one instance mistaken) deserves the warmest gratitude. Would to Heaven that I were the umpire in this compact!" sighed Sidney; "yes, if this woman *was* free to choose, and I won her favour, with what delight

would

would I thank them for their zeal, and even their caution! In truth, I believe the error which spared a woman from unmeaning publicity, would carry its own apology in the purity of the intention."

This reasoning of our hero goes only to prove a long established maxim, viz. self-love and social are the same; home-made feelings *appear*, in some instances, an exclusive privilege, a reserve set apart for immediate *distinguished* friends, with whom concealment would be a species of treason. Take up the less interesting bonds which collect *general* society, in what do they consist? not in similarity of sentiment; they own no *intellectual* attraction; do they meet as *social* beings, with a preference for each other? no; then does it not stand confest, self-love and social are the same. That feeling which interests the mind in that degree which asks participation, is at once an illustration of the poet's meaning, and not the least graceful charm of friendship. I believe it rarely happens, that

that the vicious are communicative in their disposition; and though I would carefully avoid applying the word *friendship* to those violent fancies which very young men and women *sometimes* distinguish by this term, yet I am persuaded the mild intercourse of friendship is a most soothing and efficient balm, in many cases of mental anguish. Thus I would define the self-love which actuates the virtuous as very distinct from the self-love of the sordid worldling, who, in his pecuniary concerns as in his personal ease, thinks and feels for himself alone; while the affiliating mind lives for all the little family of his affections; and in classing *his* social with his selfish feelings, we not only do justice to his moral excellence, but by tracing the *cause* of an *effect* so eminently engaging, we arrive at the one grand source—the mediating and ever-flowing mercy of an Eternal Providence. "Every good and every perfect work is of God;" the minute, as well as the more material effort of our reason, bear

this

this one reference. Then how important to our happiness is an equitable registry of our actions! and how can we make this, but by the *practice* of that ever applicable exhortation—"Do unto others," &c.

It may be urged that we are not capable of judging *ourselves* impartially; some softening absolvent will be cast into the scale, which shall quiet our scruples and renew our confidence. I consider *such* an opinion erroneous. The grand defaulter on *time's diurnal* record, he who from day to day puts off the *reckoning*, I would not vouch for his accuracy when he gives in his account. The memory that is overcharged is rarely faithful. Man, though the creature of an hour, is an imperishable being; and he who in the humility of his *mortal* nature voluntarily avows himself erring, who *daily* retraces his path, and sighs over his imperfections, such a man's statement I must believe honest; he suffers not the tares to grow *profusely*; and the *Shepherd* who gathers the *universal* fold,

fold, he who numbers our days and calls us hence, and we perish like the grass of the field, *he* hath announced there is another world, where the spirits of the just made perfect enjoy such bliss as "pass man's understanding."

The vigilant Christian, like the watchful sentry, slumbers not in the hour of duty; the appointed and proportioned terms are duly employed; or should the negligence of one hour draw on its succeeding emblem, the benefited child of mortality faints not in his zeal, but gives to the fleeting moment his penitence with his prayer.

From a digression calculated to produce *ennui* in some of my readers, and raise the censure of others, I would gladly disengage myself; a labyrinth, whether devised by the horticulturist or the scribbler, requires some little skill to extricate us from its intricacies; yet I am not deterred by the difficulty, nor prone to yield my opinions; I would willingly compromise on moderate terms; but if I succumb, I shall be called

called a vague enthusiast, one who at the moment of arranging my thoughts, admit their hopelessness, if not their fallacy. I deny the charge, convinced that though a few seceders might be found, whose moral system militates against self-examination, there are thousands who find their solace in the intellectual reference, and adore "the Giver of all goodness."

If "to look from nature up to nature's God" is the primeval feeling of our existence, and the dawnings of infancy, not less than the maturity of age, establish the natural transition, if this is allowed, the value of *social* love has not been overrated. We are taught to consider ourselves an universal family, a band of creatures depending on each other for the greater portion of our sublunary happiness; and when the yielding spirit ministers to the tranquillity of the less temperate mind, or the equally happy, by generous sympathy, increase each other's hoard, self-love and social are the same.

Lmight

I might adduce another proof in favour of my system, but I fear to trespass; and will only add, that Wentworth, whose social heart was sensibly agitated, while suspense held him in her chains, no sooner heard the carriages turn the corner of Brook-street, than he was on his feet to recognise his expected friends. At length he descried the Beverly livery, and following *en suite*, the plain and somewhat heavy travelling carriage of sir Ormsby. Sidney hastened down stairs, and was welcomed by his delighted parent, ere lady Beverly had alighted. Our hero, supporting the arm of his venerable father, followed sir George and his fair bride, whose first visit to London owned an auspices *she* had never hoped to attain—the presence of her uncle; gratified in this, the gaiety of her heart shone in her features. Sir George's triumph was yet to come; his wife was handsome, young, and quite new to society; he knew how such qualities attract, and *his* know-

ledge

ledge did not lessen his expectation. Dispatching a messenger to apprize lady Nugent of their arrival, he beguiled the intervening time in leading his lady through the unique and elegant mansion.

END OF VOL. III.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall-Street.